

" I T "

Screenplay
by
JEROME BIXBY

November 11, 1957

IT!

The Terror From Beyond Space

A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

MARSHALL THOMPSON as Colonel Ed Carruthers
SHAWN SMITH as Ann Anderson
KIM SPAULDING as Colonel James Van Heusen
ANN DORAN as Dr. Mary Royce
DABBS GREER as Dr. Eric Royce
PAUL LANGTON as Lt. James Calder
ROBERT BICE as Major John Purdue
RICHARD HERVEY as Gino Finelli
THOM CARNEY as Joseph Kienholz
RICHARD BENEDICT as Bob Finelli
and
RAY CORRIGAN
as
IT

Directed by Edward L. Cahn
Screenplay by Jerome Bixby
Produced by Robert E. Kent
Director of Photography: Kenneth Peach Sr.
Art Director: William Glasgow
Makeup: Lane Britton
Special Makeup: Paul Blaisdell
Music: Paul Sawtell and Bert Shafter
Editor: Grant Whytock
Sound: Al Overton
Set Decorations: Herman Schoenbrun
Production Supervisor: Ben Hersh
Release Date: 1958
Running Time: 68 minutes

"IT"

FADE IN:

1. ESTABLISHING SHOT (STOCK) AERIAL WASHINGTON, D.C.
NIGHT

Favored in the scene is the White House, ablaze with light.
SUPERIMPOSED OVER is a TITLE:

WASHINGTON, D.C.

This title fades, and another replaces it:

THE YEAR - 1973

DISSOLVE TO:

2. INSERT: CLOSE SHOT PANELED DOORS NIGHT

Lettered impressively on the doors is:

SCIENCE ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Division Of Interplanetary Exploration

DISSOLVE THROUGH
TO:

3. INT. SECURITY ROOM FULL SHOT NIGHT

The room is in almost total darkness; cigarettes glow in the dark and we are aware that some twenty people are present. A 16-millimetre screen has been set up at one end of the room. The projection machine, perhaps, is in the opposite wall.

As we come in on the scene, a tall, rather distinguished man is making his way past the others toward the screen. He is one of the top Security officials.

A hubbub of excitement prevails and an air of tenseness grips the assemblage as the Official reaches the screen.

OFFICIAL

(addressing all)

Ladies and gentlemen of the press -

(CONTINUED)

3. CONTINUED:

The room becomes silent now, and the Official continues:

OFFICIAL

- the President has asked me to give you a full account of the most significant and important event of our time.

4. PAN SHOT ON AUDIENCE.

OFFICIAL'S VOICE

(over shot)

Five years ago, on June 11th, 1968, the first spaceship ever to attempt to reach the planet Mars took off from the United States. This ship was known as The Challenge One-Four-One.

5. ANGLE SHOT PAST OFFICIAL AT AUDIENCE

OFFICIAL

We are now able to inform you that on March 2nd of last year, a highly secret second attempt was made.

A reaction of surprise from audience.

6. MED. SHOT OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL

(pauses, then:)

Fourteen hours ago, that second ship, the Challenge One-Four-Two, returned safely to Earth - landing near Bakersfield, California!

7. FULL SHOT OFFICIAL IN B.G.

A tremendous reaction from the audience now. The Official holds up his hands for silence.

(CONTINUED)

7. CONTINUED:

OFFICIAL

Quiet, please - quiet. It is most urgent that this news be put before the people of Earth as soon as possible.

(a beat)

The reason for this will be explained later in this meeting.

Finally, the audience subsides.

8. MED. SHOT OFFICIAL

His face becomes grave as he continues.

OFFICIAL

There is a tragic side to this great achievement.

(a beat)

We learned this afternoon that nine members of the crew of the first ship - the Challenge One-Four-One - were....

(pauses - significantly)

....murdered.

9. SHOT AUDIENCE

An immediate outburst from the newspeople. They quiet down again as the Official signals for silence.

10. MED. SHOT OFFICIAL

OFFICIAL

An intensive investigation involving the crew of the Challenge One-Four-Two was made immediately after the ship landed. The findings of this investigation will now be made known to you.

CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK to INCLUDE the projection screen and part of the audience.

(CONTINUED)

10. CONTINUED:

OFFICIAL (Continued)

Because of the vital importance of what has happened, you will be acquainted with each of the heroic crew members of the Challenge One-Four-Two.

(looks off)

General Drayson.

A middle-aged GENERAL, in uniform, rises and comes up to the screen.

GENERAL

(to audience)

Ladies and gentlemen, it was members of the Challenge One-Four-Two's crew who brought back the factual, terrifying report of the first journey to and from the planet Mars.

The General signals back to the projection booth.

11. SHOT PROJECTION MACHINE

It flashes on.

12. MED. SHOT PROJECTION SCREEN

A photograph of ERIC AND MARY ROYCE comes on the screen. Royce is a graying, fiftyish, scholarly type; Mary is about 48, alert-looking, still attractive.

GENERAL'S VOICE

(over shot)

Dr. Eric Royce, of the Institute of Advanced Study, at Colby, winner of the 1964 Nobel Prize in Astronautics. Dr. Royce was in command of the Challenge One-Four-Two. His wife, Dr. Mary Royce, formerly of the Board of Directors of the Ingersoll Clinic for Advanced Medical Research, served as medical officer.

A photograph of COLONEL JAMES VAN HEUSEN comes onto the screen -- about 35, competent-looking.

(CONTINUED)

12. CONTINUED:

GENERAL'S VOICE

(over shot)

Colonel James van Hausen of the
United States Space Corps.,
Special Detachment. The Colonel
was pilot of the ship.

A photograph of JOE KIENHOLZ comes onto the screen....
chubby, horn-rim type, good-humored face.

13. MED. SHOT GENERAL AT SCREEN

GENERAL

Joseph Kienholz, formerly of
the Department of Biology at
Stanhope University.

A picture of GINO and BOB FINELLI comes on now. Gino is
a slim, pixie-ish man; about 35. Bob is about 22 --
sober, bookish, intelligent-looking.

14. MED. SHOT SCREEN AND GENERAL

The General indicates Gino.

GENERAL

Gino Finelli, formerly head of
the Institute of Botanical Re-
search.

(touches Bob's
image)

Robert Finelli, who at twenty-
two graduated Ogden University
as a Doctor of Physics, a
Doctor of Mathematics, and a
Doctor of Chemistry.

15. CLOSE ANGLE SCREEN

A picture of ANN ANDERSON comes onto the screen. About
28 -- very attractive; sober, thoughtful face.

GENERAL'S VOICE

(over shot)

Miss Ann Anderson, formerly
Associate Professor of Geology
and Archeology at Collins.

(CONTINUED)

15. CONTINUED:

A picture of LT. JIMMY CALDER comes onto the screen -- in uniform, about 24, alert Texas type.

GENERAL'S VOICE

(over shot)

Lieutenant James Calder, United States Air Force, Special Detachment. The Lieutenant was Astrogator of the Challenge One-Four-Two.

16. MED. SHOT GENERAL AT SCREEN

A picture of MAJOR JACK PURDUE comes onto the screen -- a burly man in uniform, with a bulldog face.

GENERAL

Major John Purdue, United States Army, Special Detachment. Major Purdue was the ship's Engineer.

Purdue's picture vanishes and the screen stays blank for a moment.

GENERAL

The next picture you will see is that of Colonel Edward Carruthers -

17. SHOT REACTION FROM AUDIENCE

It shows surprise.

GENERAL'S VOICE

(over shot)

- United States Space Corps, Special Detachment. Astrogator of the Challenge One-Four-One, which never returned to Earth.

18. MED. SHOT GENERAL AND SCREEN

Now CARRUTHERS' picture comes on the screen. He is good-looking, about 35, in full uniform.

GENERAL

(gravely)

This is the man arrested on the Planet Mars by Colonel van Heusen for the murder of his nine fellow crew members!

19. FULL SHOT AUDIENCE

A big reaction. Stunned. Finally, grim silence.

20. MED. SHOT GENERAL AND SCREEN

as CAMERA MOVES IN on Carruthers' face.

GENERAL

The findings of our investigation
will now be passed on to you.

BLUR THROUGH TO:

21. EXT. CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-TWO MARS (SPECIAL EFFECT) DAY

This is a LONG ANGLE on the huge spaceship. It stands upright on its fins, ready for take-off. The bleak and jagged Mars terrain is indicated.

GENERAL'S VOICE

(over shot)

The report begins with April 9th,
1973 - the day when the Challenge
One-Four-Two was ready to take
off from Mars for its return trip
to Earth....

Suddenly, there is a LOUD, WHINING NOISE as the ship's
generators are HEARD.

QUICK DISSOLVE
THROUGH TO:

22. INT. CHALLENGE VAN'S CABIN DAY

SOUND: LOUD GENERATOR WHINE

Van lies on his cot with a "swing-out" (from cubby in wall
over cot) control board over his chest.

VAN

(into intercom)

Name check.

VOICES

(from intercom)

Eric secure.

Mary secure.

Ann secure.

Purdue secure.

23. EXT. CHALLENGE DAY (EFFECT)

Build as in first shot of ship, with generator NOISE louder now.

24. INT. VAN'S CABIN DAY

VOICES
(from board intercom)
Bob secure.

Calder secure.

VAN
(into intercom)
Counting... minus ten... nine...
eight... seven...

25. INSERT CHRONOMETER ON CONTROL BOARD

as hand moves toward zero.

VAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
...six... five... four.....

26. CLOSE VAN'S FACE OVER BOARD

Intent.

VAN
... three... two... one!

27. INSERT VAN'S THUMB JAMS FIRE BUTTON ON BOARD

Nothing happens. Generators' whine unchanged. Nearby, a tiny light blinks rapidly on the board -- one of a row of four such lights, set above four corresponding buttons.

28. CLOSE VAN

His eyes dart over the board.

VAN
(voice crackling)
Who left the Emergency hatch open
in C Compartment!?

(CONTINUED)

28. CONTINUED:

PURDUE'S VOICE
(over intercom--
appalled)

Sorry, sir... that was me. I was
ditching some empty crates over-
board!

Van shakes his head in a fury of tension... stabs a hand
at the button below the blinking light (does this during
Purdue's speech).

VAN
We're in the ten second safety
margin... we'll need it!

29. INT. C COMPARTMENT 1st STORAGE LEVEL DAY

The storage compartment is a wide area crammed with orderly
rows and stacks of metal cartons, crated machinery, etc.,
with rows of shelves overhead for smaller articles.

At one end of compartment is the Emergency hatch... a small
airlock, actually, with doors facing each other in both the
inner and outer hulls of the ship-- almost a tiny room.
Through it can be seen a patch of desert and dawn sky.
With a faint ELECTRICAL HUM both doors slide out-- in a
moment is shut off--the doors snick shut.

A faint shapeless SHADOW falls across the hatch, as some-
thing in the compartment stirs... and we become conscious
of a faint, husky, heavy BREATHING SOUND.

30. INT. VAN'S CABIN CLOSE ON VAN

as he presses the FIRE button again. A low ROCKET
RUMBLING is heard, building rapidly.

31. EXT. CHALLENGE DAY (EFFECT)

Suddenly rocket glare lashes from the nozzles, blinding,
brilliant -- in a second it has washed out the screen
to dead white, obliterating ship.

32. ANOTHER ANGLE CHALLENGE (EFFECT)

as its rocket glare lights the scene with fantastic
flickers and shadows. Everywhere objects are stirring,

(CONTINUED)

32. CONTINUED:

skipping away, pushed by the blast of hot air. Directly beneath the tubes a shallow, saucer-shaped pit grows, as sand is blasted outward in all directions.

Suddenly the RUMBLE BECOMES A ROAR, FULL-THROATED, deafening. Sand and dust flower outward from beneath the ship, almost obscuring its lower half. Debris and refuse scoot, skitter, skip away at high velocity, silhouetted against the glare. CAMERA SHUDDERS TO CREATE EFFECT OF GROUND VIBRATING. In the midst of this furor, the ship slowly rises out of the boiling dust and sand-- rises to reveal its full length-- floats upward smoothly on its pillar of blinding flame. CAMERA PANS TO FOLLOW IT, but mounting acceleration PULLS SHIP OUT OF SHOT.

33. HIGH ANGLE CHALLENGE (EFFECT)

including wide expanse of Martian desert. The ship rises at ever-increasing speed. ROAR IS DEAFENING.

34. ANOTHER ANGLE CHALLENGE (EFFECT)

including still wider expanse of desert. Ship rises still faster. ROAR IS DEAFENING. Now horizon is visible.

35. ANOTHER ANGLE CHALLENGE (EFFECT)

including still wider expanse of desert. The curvature of the horizon is now apparent, and Mars' canals are resolving.

LAP TO:

36. CLOSE CHALLENGE (EFFECT)

with the enormous hemisphere of Mars beneath it. Its speed is less apparent now, with the surface such a distance away. HOLD ON ship, as, behind it, the sky gradually darkens to grey, dark grey, then the star-shot blackness of space. The hemisphere of Mars retreats almost imperceptibly. Suddenly, without warning, the rockets cease firing. UTTER SILENCE. The corona of the sun shows above the illuminated limb of Mars, and now the unbearably bright speck of the sun inches into view.

WIPE TO:

37.2 INT. LAB LEVEL CLOSE ED AT VIEW SCREEN (EFFECT)

Carruther's face, after the photograph we saw a while back, is a shock-- it shows signs of his terrible experience on Mars--dark hollows in the cheeks; lips thinned with tension; eyes shadowed by the awful memories he carries. He wears the fatigues that are standard aboard ship.

He stares out silently, lost in thought, at Mars, whose hemisphere fills half the screen. The planet recedes even more slowly than in preceding scene.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Van Heusen approaching. Van's eyes are cold.

VAN

Carruthers?

Ed doesn't seem to hear-- stares out, lost in memories.

VAN

Carruthers!

Ed turns his head -- doesn't change expression as he sees Van.

VAN

Thinking about those nine bodies
you left down there?

ED

Yes. But I didn't kill them.

VAN

Your mysterious creature, eh?...
Still sticking to your story of
the mysterious creature. You
expect the Court Martial to
believe it?

ED

It's all I can tell them.

VAN

I wish we could have stayed and
searched for the bodies. But
there's still enough evidence to put
you in front of a firing squad.

ED

(staring at screen--shakes
head almost wonderingly)
You honestly believe I'd murder nine
of my best friends, in order to sur-
vive on Mars...

(CONTINUED)

37. CONTINUED:

VAN

Isn't it logical, Colonel?
 (slight unpleasant
 emphasis on last
 word)

The Challenge One-Four-One cracked
 up in landing... you knew you were
 marooned indefinitely on Mars until
 another ship was sent--if one was
 sent. You knew the food and supplies
 aboard would last the entire party
 only a year -- but they'd last you
ten years, if the others were dead!

Van's voice has an undertone of hatred and contempt-- he
 has to strain himself to maintain any semblance of
 courtesy to his fellow officer. Yet he does-- because
 he's conditioned to.

ED

(turns to porthole --
 his hands tighten on
 its rim as he stares
 out at Mars)

These people were killed by --
something. Not me.

VAN

I'd like you to look at something,
 Carruthers.

Ed stares at him numble -- Van moves away-- after a
 second, Ed Follows.

WIPE TO:

38. INT. VAN'S CABIN

as Van slides open door, enters. Ed follows. Van
 crosses room, bends to his low, modern, built-in
 metal desk.

ED

(at door--bitterly)
 Thanks for at least permitting me
 the freedom of the ship.

VAN

(bleak smile)
 Why not? Can you think of a better
 prison?

(CONTINUED)

38. CONTINUED:

ED
Aren't you afraid I'll murder you
all in your sleep?

VAN
(his smile freezes;
eyes narrow as he and
Ed lock gazes)
Either Lieutenant Calder or myself
will be with you every second of the
trip!
(opens desk drawer)
Look at this.

Ed joins him. Van flips aside towel covering object in
drawer, his eyes on Ed.

39. INSERT DRAWER SKULL

As towel is flipped aside. Human skull, minus jawbone,
lying on another folded towel. Jagged bullethole in
cranium.

40. CLOSE ED'S FACE STARING DOWN

VAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
We brought dental records of the
other crew from Earth. This is
Frank Kenner.

ED
(whispers)
Kenner....

41. CLOSE TWO VAN AND ED

VAN
We found it near the CHALLENGE
One-Four-One, the day after we
found you.
(hard)
Only one kind of monster uses
bullets.

Ed turns, stricken, half-stumbles out... TRUCK IN on
Van as he stares after Ed, face hard.

42. INT. GALLEY/MESS AREA IN LAB LEVEL DAY

At the long metal table sits the Challenge One-Four--entire crew, with the exception of Calder and Carruth. The meal is just about at an end. Ann Anderson is pouring coffee for the men-- helping her is Mary Royce, who contributes powdered cream and sugar.

Several conversations are underway at the same time.

At the head of the table, Royce and Van are busy scribbling math on note pads, working out a slight revision of the course. Their conversation, in undertones, is technical.

Jack Purdue sits silently, smoking a cigar -- listening to the animated discussion that is going on at the other end of the table between Kienholz and the Finelli brothers.

KIENHOLZ

The second we hit Earth, I'm going to jump... right out of the airlock. All the way to the ground! Then I'm going to roll around and stretch, like a cat in the sun!

BOB

(wistfully)

The sun... we'll be fifty million miles closer to it. You know, even when I was a kid, I could never stand being cold.

KIENHOLZ

How'd you ever win the Ardmore Fellowship in Low Temperature Physics?

BOB FINELLI

(seriously)

I wore long underwear.

KIENHOLZ

That figures.

(fills his chest, rubs his hands; to Gino)

And what do you look forward to?

GINO FINELLI

Girls. I kind of remember. A fascinating research.

Ann Anderson appears between them, steaming silex in hand.

(CONTINUED)

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44. ROYCE

with only a split-second loss of composure:

ROYCE

We missed you at dinner, Colonel Carruthers.

45. ED

Trailed by Calder, he steps into the room, bringing others into SHOT.

ED

I'm tired of ruining appetites.
(to Ann)

I'd just like some coffee, Miss Anderson, if I may.

ANN

(her voice is non-committal, courteous-- yet with a trace of sympathy)

Of course, Colonel.

She turns to go into the galley, to get a cup. Ed starts to follow her.

VAN

Stay here, Carruthers.

Ed stops, darts one icy look at Van. A silence descends and stretches as Ann returns and pours Ed's coffee. She hands it to him, and he sips. Over the rim of the cup, his eyes search the faces at the table. For the first time Ed's personality really impacts on us--murderer he may or may not be, or insane, but his is definitely a powerful personality, made all the more impressive by the terrible tension he obviously carries.

Ed lowers the cup, still looking at the others. A slight, hesitant smile appears at the corners of his lips -- perhaps his first smile in a very long time.

ED

(after a moment-- softly, sardonically)

Boo!

Van's face is frozen. He gathers together the sheets of notes which he has been working on with Royce.

(CONTINUED)

45. CONTINUED:

VAN

Jimmy, here are some last-minute computations for adjusting the orbit. Check them when you get the chance.

Calder steps forward, takes the papers.

CALDER

(texas drawl)

Yes, sir.

VAN

See that Colonel Carruthers knocks before entering from now on. I suspect he's an expert at sneaking up quietly.

CALDER

(no expression)

Yes, sir.

Ignoring Van, Ed sets the coffee cup down on the table, turns to Ann.

ED

Thanks.

Ann nods, and Ed turns, goes out the door, followed by Calder. The door whispers shut-- and several sighs of relief and mutters of comment are heard around the table.

VAN

(staring at door)

By the time we reach Earth, I'll have his confession on tape.

DISSOLVE TO:

46. INT. LAB LEVEL ED AT VIEW SCREEN DAY

staring out at Mars, which is now the size of a basketball -- its retreat is completely imperceptible. Calder leans against the wall nearby, in fairly relaxed pose.

ANN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Colonel Carruthers....

Ed stirs, looks up.

47. TWO ED AND ANN

She is standing beside him, holding a sandwich on a plate. No particular expression on her face. He takes the plate, hardly looking at it. His sharp eyes probe her face, scrutinizing. After a moment, Ann drops her eyes, and something in her expression tells Ed what he wanted to know: she too is uncertain of his innocence.

ED

Thank you.

(he takes a bite out
of the sandwich, chews
slowly)

She joins him in staring out at the distant globe of Mars.

ANN

Such a cold, desolate, cruel world.
We saw so little of it--even in
eight months.

(turns her head to
look at him--and,
after a pause)

Sometimes I almost want to believe
you.

ED

(little shrug)

I killed them, or I didn't. It
was me -- or something.

ANN

I've only heard the story through
Van.

ED

Now you'd like my version...

He turns to face her.

ED

All right.

(a beat, then:)

We were all outside the ship....
exploring near the southern tip
of Syrtis Major. Suddenly a sand-
storm came up, and we started back
for the ship. I was driving the
jeep.

Under Ed's words, MUSIC picks up--an alien, bleak music,
with the suggestion of a sandstorm's whine. It builds with
his story. INTERCUT following under SHOTS of Mars on
view screen.

(CONTINUED)

47. CONTINUED:

ED
(cont'd)

The sand was so thick we could barely see where we were going. We were almost back to the ship when Cartwright just--disappeared. One minute he was there...the next minute he was gone, as if something --something out there in the sand-storm-- had plucked him out of the jeep like candy out of a box. A second later Kenner was gone.

(his voice is almost calm, and all the more chilling for it)

Somebody yelled to stop -- that they must have fallen out. I started to slow down-- and that's when we saw-- it. Just a shadow in the storm-- huge -- horrible-- moving so fast we couldn't keep track of it.

(pauses)

We had our guns out, and were firing at it. We could hear it squalling --howling -- even over the storm. Then Jordan disappeared. I was driving as fast as I could, but it kept right up with us. I could hear the others firing -- and then I couldn't. I just kept driving... and when I reached the ship, there were only two of us in the jeep: Dunlap - and myself. Dunlap's head had been torn off. I got inside-- waited-- but nobody else came back.

Ann shudders and exchanges a glance with Calder.

ED
(cont'd)

After I wrecked the ship trying to take off by myself, it became my home. I was afraid to leave it, even in broad daylight.

(pause)

I prayed--every minute of every day and night-- that a second Earth ship would come along and find me, rescue me. Every day I sent radio messages, hoping to get an answer. Then... you came...

(CONTINUED)

47.

CONTINUED:

There is a long moment of silence, then:

ANN

How can you explain the bullet-hole in the skull?

ED

We were all shooting at the Thing - while it was picking us off. Maybe the one that got the bullet was lucky....

Ann thinks it over.

ANN

(slowly)

You have an answer for everything.

ED

Me and Van Heusen.

ANN

He's doing his job.

ED

He's showing off the hair on his chest --

(looks at her--the anger in his voice is directed at Van, not her, but still it is there)

Or are you part of his job?

ANN

(suddenly cool)

I suppose I am. We're all under his protection, Colonel.

She turns to leave. Ed puts a hand on her arm.

ED

Sorry.

She nods, not looking at him. He drops his hand.

ED

Do you believe me?

ANN

(turns head to face him)

I don't disbelieve you.

She moves off.

(CONTINUED)

47. CONTINUED:

ED
(to Calder--slightly
belligerent)
How about you, Lieutenant?

Calder stares at him silently for a moment... he seems not to have moved an inch from his relaxed pose against the wall.

CALDER
(slight shrug)
Mars is almost as big as Texas...
maybe it's got monsters.

DISSOLVE TO:

48. INT. PURIFIER ROOM LIGHT DAY

Purdue is checking the numerous dials and gauges on the purifier, and frowning slightly, a cigar clamped between his teeth. Royce comes in.

ROYCE
(in rather jovial
mood)
Chess tournament in my cabin
tonight, Jack... bring your
brains --
(pauses, noting
Purdue's expression)
Is anything wrong?

PURDUE
Just noticed something funny.
Look at this?

49. INSERT - DIALS ON PURIFIER

Purdue's finger points to one, then another.

PURDUE'S VOICE (O.S.)
The oxygen consumption's too high..
forty per cent over any previous
maximum.

ROYCE'S VOICE (O.S.)
(surprised)
Forty per cent!

50. .PURDUE AND ROYCE

They study the dials and gauges. Kienholz and Van enter the room.

PURDUE

The preszure's okay, so it's not a leak. Just too much oxygen being used -- too much CO2 coming back.

(scratches his head)

I don't get it.

ROYCE

How serious is it?

PURDUE

I don't know... it could be plenty serious if it kept up.

ROYCE

Perhaps the readings are faulty.

PURDUE

(nods)

The take-off might've shook her up.

(sighs)

Nothing to do but break her down and find the bug. I'm turning off the air to One storage compartment 'til I find out what it is.

WIPE TO:

51. INT. LAB ED AT WORKBENCH IN LAB PROPER

He's working on a small scale-model of the Challenge One-Four-One -- the model is almost completed, beautifully detailed, a work of loving care. Calder sits on a bench nearby, watching him, looking a little more relaxed than usual. Ann stands at Ed's shoulder, staring interestedly at the model.

ED

(musing)

My fortress, my castle.. hand me that other brush, will you, Calder?

CALDER

(reaching to do so)

Yes, sir.

We see that Ed is lettering the legend: CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-ONE on the model's nose. He takes the brush from Calder, fills in the neatly outlined "I."

(CONTINUED)

51.

CONTINUED:

CALDER

That's a nice job, sir ...just for the record.

Van enters SHOT, looking displeased.

ED

(concentrating)

I had a lot of time to spend on it. At first, mostly, I read. After a while I was re-reading. I played music and films until I was sick of them all. Finally I started this model... about six months ago. Now --

(finishes the lettering, sets the model down gently)

-- I suppose, to me, it is Mars. The only Mars I really knew. Safe... lonely, but safe.

VAN

I'll take over, Calder. Better run up to Control and check the course.

CALDER

(a flicker of expression, showing that such a check is totally unnecessary)

Yes, sir.

Calder departs, heading for the center-well.

VAN

(ironically, looking at Ed's model)

Reconstructing the scene of the crime, Carruthers?

Ed slowly turns his head to look squarely at Van, a miserable, cold anger in his eyes like a physical force. Van seems to retreat a half-inch... sets himself, meeting Ed's gaze, ready for anything.

After a moment, Ed deliberately returns his attention to the model.

Out of the corner of his eye, Van sees that Ann is walking toward the center-well, looking a little angry. Frustrated, he looks at her, at Ed, back at her; he follows her, catching up.

52. MED. SHOT ANN AND VAN

VAN

What's the matter?

ANN

I'm getting tired of you baiting that man all the time. You don't use your authority very well, Van.

VAN

(absorbs this with a frown)

I'm not doing it for kicks... believe me, chicken. I'm just playing the odds.

ANN

Your odds... because you think he's guilty.

VAN

Admitted. Look, Ann, there's a time factor involved. He's unstable right now.. if I crack his story, I can hand him over to a court-martial wrapped up in a pink ribbon.--

ANN

What if he's sone nothing to confess?

VAN

Then he won't. But I owe it to those nine men who died to try to find out.

ANN

Don't you owe it to Carruthers to treat him as a fellow officer -- not as an animal?

VAN

(searches her face)

Do you think he's innocent?

ANN

I don't know. It doesn't matter what I think.. or what you think, Van.

VAN

(after a moment-- gesture of resignation)

Okay. Okay, Chicekn. I'll let up on the third degree. Looks like it's either that, or get lynched myself.

(CONTINUED)

52. CONTINUED:

She stands on tiptoe to kiss him lightly on the cheek.

ANN

It's you I'm worried about. I
hate to see you so vindictive.

They smile at each other a moment, then she turns to go up the ladder. He takes her hand, looking a little lost, and holds it until she is on the ladder.

DISSOLVE TO:

53. INT. QUARTERS LEVEL NIGHT

Only the night-light is on, by the ladder. A few faint snores can be heard from several of the cabins; and from Royce's cabin, the sounds of low conversation and laughter.

54. INT. ROYCE'S CABIN LIGHT

Seated at the desk, Royce and Ed are engaged in a game of chess, with Van and Calder looking on. On Royce's cot, Purdue lies sprawled, brow furrowed, working on a note pad. There seems to be less tension all around on Ed's account, as they meet on a common ground: chess.

55. INT. CONTROL LEVEL DARK

Kienholz sits at the long metal desk near the center-well, doing some research. The desk is spread with note paper and several opened books. One fluorescent light provides illumination; otherwise the room is dark. A cigarette smolders in an ashtray. From the QUARTERS level below come the faint sounds from Royce's cabin, and the fainter snowing.

SLOWLY TRUCK IN toward Kienholz, as he works. Suddenly, in the far distance, from the bowels of the ship, a faint metallic CLANK echoes up the center-well. Kienholz doesn't notice. After a moment, the sound is repeated-- CALNK-- and this time Kienholz hears it; he pauses, head down, eyes up.

56. LONG DOWN THE DARKENED CENTER-WELL

into the impenetrable shadows toward the bottom. Echoing up comes another CALNK.

57. LIENHOLZ

He looks at the center-well, frowning. He gets up, walks over to the well, stares down.

58. LONG DOWN CENTER WELL

Shadowy; silent.

59. KIENHOLZ

He starts to turn away... pauses as he hears the sound again -- this time a faint metallic SCR-R-REECH, CLANK! as if a piece of sheet metal has been bent and finally broken. Overall can be heard the faint sounds from the QUARTERS level, directly below.

Looking puzzled, Kienholz starts down the ladder.

60. QUARTERS LEVEL DARK

Kienholz reaches it, hesitates. He looks at the line of light under Royce's door, listens to the talk, the snoring.

61. INT. ROYCE'S CABIN LIGHT

Royce is in real trouble-- he stares at the board, scratching his head. Everybody's interested, including Purdue, who has put aside his work to watch.

ROYCE

(ruefully)

Every move I make is worse.

VAN

Resign, Eric. I want a crack at --

ROYCE

(determined)

No. I haven't resigned a game---

62. CENTER WELL KIENHOLZ DARK

He is going down the ladder toward the LAB Level, having decided not to bother anyone.

(CONTINUED)

62. CONTINUED:

ROYCE'S VOICE (O.S.)
(faintly)
-- in thirty years, and I'll be --

(Kienholz's foot scrapes a
ladder rung to obliterate
the "damned")

-- if I'll do it now!

Royce's voice fades as Kienholz reaches the floor of the:

63. LAB LEVEL DARK

Kienholz turns on the lights; using a switch on the small control-console mounted on the railing, near the ladder. He looks around at the deserted laboratory, and seems satisfied. He turns off the lights, continues on down the ladder. Above, the faint SOUNDS from the QUARTERS level fade to near inaudibility.

64. INT. 1st STORAGE LEVEL DARK

Kienholz reaches the floor; turns on the lights, using the railing control-console; looks around.

65. MEDIUM SLIDING DOOR TO C COMPARTMENT

It stands half-open, darkness beyond.

66. KIENHOLZ

He frowns, starts for the door. Not frightened; just curious.

67. CLOSE DOOR

He goes through it, vanishes. A second later there is JUST THE BEGINNING OF A LOUD SCREAM -- the gasping intake of air, and a split-second of high-pitched scream--no more.

68. INT. ROYCE'S CABIN NIGHT

as the SCREAM carries over--just the faintest suggestion of it, chopped off immediately.

(CONTINUED)

68. CONTINUED:

Van and Royce are small-talking about the game in progress, and Purdue has gone back to his work. Only Ed hears the scream... his eyes come up from the board, look around at the others.

ED
(loudly)
What was that?

VAN
(interrupting
himself)
What?

ED
I heard something.

ROYCE
What?

ED
I don't know.
(he gets up slowly,
Calder's eyes on
him)

VAN
(frowning)
I didn't hear anything.

ED
(eyes on door)
I learned to hear all over again
on Mars.....

He goes to the door, slides it open, revealing the darkened well outside. Behind him, Van exchanges glances with Calder, and Calder rises, moves closer to Ed.

69. QUARTERS LEVEL CENTER-WELL DARK

Ed comes out of Royce's cabin, moves to the edge of the well. Behind him, Calder appears at the door, watching him.

70. CLOSE ED

He listens intently... hears nothing but the faint snores from the closed cabins. He looks up toward the CONTROL level.

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED:

ED
Who's up there?

CALDER
Kienholz.

ED
(calls softly)
Kienholz.....
(pauses)
Kienholz, did you hear anything?

ROYCE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Come, Colonel.. we've got a game
to finish.

ED
(a little louder)
Kienholz?

He starts up the ladder. Calder looks a little helpless.

71. INT. ROYCE'S CABIN LIGHT

Van is on his feet, as are the others.

VAN
(impatiently)
Now he's hearing things. Let's get
him before he wakes up the others.

72. INT. CONTROL LEVEL DARK

Ed pokes his head out of the center-well. He looks
around the empty room... the littered desk, the
cigarette still smoldering in the ashtray.

73. QUARTERS LEVEL CENTER-WELL DARK

Van, Royce, Purdue and Calder stand around the ladder,
looking up at Ed.

VAN
Carruthers, come down here.

ED
(loudly)
Kienholz is gone.

(CONTINUED)

73. CONTINUED:

VAN
Kienholz isn't gone. He's probably
turned in.

ED
(starting down)
Check his cabin.

74. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP AT BASE OF LADDER

VAN
(impatiently-- to
Calder, under his
breath)
Go take a look. Anything to make
him happy.

Calder starts for Kienholz's cabin, as Ed climbs down
into SHOT. Ed looks around worriedly and starts down
the short corridor toward the head -- Van trails after.
In b.g., Calder slides open Kienholz's cabin door,
pokes his head in.

CALDER
(softly)
Kienholz?

VAN
(irritatedly, keeping
his voice down)
Will you stop this nonsense,
Carruthers!

CALDER
(calling softly)
He isn't here.

Ed ignores Van; raps sharply on the head door. No
answer. He slides it open.

75. INT. HEAD DARK

Ed looks around. He pushes open the glass door of the
stall shower. He wheels, strides out, almost pushing
Van aside.

76. CORRIDOR

CAMERA TRUCKS ED back toward the center-well--Van trails
him, really angry now. Ed shouts down the well:

(CONTINUED)

76. CONTINUED:

ED

Kienholz!

He looks around baffledly, spots the wall-intercom. He brushes through the group surrounding him, slaps at the intercom, pushing down every one of its switches.

ED

(into intercom)

Kienholz!

77. INSERT INTERCOM #1

somewhere in the darkened ship.

ED'S VOICE

(over intercom)

Kienholz!

78. INSERT: INTERCOM #2

elsewhere in the ship.

ED'S VOICE

(over intercom)

Kienholz! Can you hear me!

79. INSERT: INTERCOM #3

elsewhere in the ship.

ED'S VOICE

(over intercom --
really thundering)

KIENHOLZ!

80. INT. QUARTERS LEVEL DARK

Ed stands by the intercom, staring at the others. OS come angry grunts and mutters from the disturbed sleepers, and they straggle from their cabins: Gino Finelli, pulling on his trousers; Bob, in pajamas; Ann and Mary, both in robes. Exclamations: "What's going on?" etc.

81. CLOSE ROYCE

He steps forward to the intercom.

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED:

ROYCE

(into intercom)

Kienholz, this is Royce. If you can hear me, reply at once. Reply at once.

(pauses)

Joe, can you hear me? Reply at once. Report at once to the Quarters level!

(pauses again; then, grimly, as he turns from the intercom)

If this is one of his jokes, I'll make him walk home.

DISSOLVE TO:

82. SEARCH SEQUENCE QUICK CUTS

The ship is brightly lit, now, every light on. The crew of the Challenge searches for Kienholz:

Up ladders, down ladders;

In the CONTROL level--they have only to poke their heads up the center-well, since every portion of the room is visible from there;

In the QUARTERS level--each cabin is searched, including closets and under the cots;

The LAB level--the galley-mess, the purifier room, the small recreation area--under tables, work benches, the ping-pong table.

83. INT. PURIFIER ROOM ROYCE AND PURDUE LIGHT

They search the room. As Royce turns to leave, Purdue stops him with a hand on his arm.

PURDUE

(softly)

Eric... there's no point in alarming the others yet-- but the situation isn't good.

(CONTINUED)

83. CONTINUED:

ROYCE

The purifier?

PURDUE

It's okay. I double-checked. I don't know what's wrong. But one thing's sure-- it can't handle the overload. It can't process fifty per cent more air than it was designed to.

ROYCE

What does that mean?

PURDUE

Diminishing returns...literally. With the purifier at full capacity, we're still accumulating CO2 in our atmosphere at the rate of one part CO2 to every two parts oxygen. Unless I can locate the trouble --

ROYCE

(heavily)

Asphyxiation.

(pauses)

We could return to Mars --

PURDUE

And run out of air there.

ROYCE

(appalled)

How is it possible? Where is the oxygen going?

PURDUE

It's as if we had six extra men aboard.

They star at each other for a silent moment.

ROYCE

We'd better get on searching.

84. SEARCH CONTINUES

(Scenes and settings as required by Director):

(CONTINUED)

85. CONTINUED:

BOB

He isn't here... come on.

He heads for the door; Gino starts to trail him. As Bob passes through the door, Gino pauses in mid-stride, eyeing a medium-sized cabinet. As he hesitates, Bob's footsteps fade toward the center-well.

86. MEDIUM CABINET

Gino approaches it... TRUCK with him. He reaches the cabinet, opens it. Inside are stacked literally hundreds of cartons of cigarettes, arranged by brand in racks. Gino pulls out a carton of his brand, opens it.

87. CLOSE GINO

as seen FROM INSIDE THE CABINET. He extracts a pack of cigarettes, opens it. As he's tapping out a cigarette, there is a SUDDEN SCRAPING SOUND OS, as if a crate has been shoved aside.

GINO

(not turning)

Thought you gave up in here, Bob.
I'll be with you in a---

Under his words, right on the heels of the scraping sound, a series of RAPID FOOTFALLS is heard-- fast, light, growing closer VERY RAPIDLY; and with a curious SOUND to them-- a thudding, scratching sound, as bare feet with long claws might make.

The alieness of the SOUND finally registers on Gino, and he turns his head to look-- not frightened, merely curious. There is ONLY THE SUGGESTION of his expression altering-- his eyes widen slightly; his jaw drops as slightly-- the very beginnings of an expression of utter terror.

88. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

Ed and Van are concluding their search. Seen through the door to the mess-galley, Ann and Mary are searching, looking worried. Bob Finelli pokes his head up the center-well, swings around off the ladder to sit on the floor inside the railing, legs dangling down the shaft.

BOB

Not a sign.

89. INT. GALLEY LIGHT

Ann opens a series of large cabinets along one wall, revealing an impressive array of tinned food and utensils. Mary tries a utility closet.

90. LAB LEVEL GROUP AT CENTER WELL.

VAN
(hopelessly)
This is ridiculous....

BOB
(looks casually down
center-well)
Gino!
(raises his voice)
Hey, Gino....

91. PAST BOB'S SHOULDER DOWN CENTER-WELL

to the floor of the 1st SOTRAGE level below. Deserted.

VAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(cont'd)
-- it's just plain crazy! He's
got to be here!

92. THREE ANGLE ON BOB

His face is impatiently good-humored.

ED
Where's your brother?

BOB
Coming.
(loudly)
Hey, Gino... Gino, bambino!
(pause)
Where are you?

And suddenly the import of what he has said strikes him; he looks up at Ed and Van, sudden concern on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

93. INT. C COMPARTMENT LIGHT

CLOSE on discarded pack of cigarettes on the floor,

(CONTINUED)

93. CONTINUED:

beside the open cigarette-cabinet. FOOTSTEPS approach across the metal floor... FULL BACK to reveal Ed, Van and Bob.

Bob picks up the cigarettes, looks around the compartment, face worried.

BOB

Gino. Gino!

Ed stares narrowly all around the compartment. Van steps to the door.

VAN

(loudly)

Gino! Hey, Finelli!

(to Bob)

Maybe he went below...

BOB

We were sticking together...

Face baffled, Van turns back into the compartment... pauses by a stack of metal cartons. Behind these cartons, in the wall, is the compartment's CIRCULATION GRILLE-- a criss-cross metal grating about 3' by 3', some four feet above floor-level.

VAN

(tightly)

Two of them now... and just no place on this ship for a man to hide!

BOB

(anxiously)

Gino... where are you? Can you hear me?...Gino! GINO!

He moves to the nearest stack of cigarettes, and tackles them a little frantically. He lifts off the top one, staggering with it, sets it down, peers behind the stack.

VAN

Kid, if he was here, he'd hear us ---

BOB

Maybe he's hurt --

(turns to them)

Help me! Help me!

(CONTINUED)

93.

CONTINUED:

Grimly, Ed and Van join in to search the compartment. Van jumps on a medium-sized crate to glance around the shelves overhead. Ed bends half-over a row of crates lined against a wall, to look behind them. Then he moves to the stack of crates near the CIRCULATION GRILLE -- lifts the top one off, and sets it on a lower stack right in front of the grille... his eyes are only inches from it.

As he pauses there a moment, half-bent, to regain his breath, TRUCK IN FOR CU OF HIS HEAD AND THE GRILLE:

Behind the grille, we see Kienholz's dead hand hanging down. SOMEHOW DRIED AND SHRIVELED IN APPEARANCE.

Ed raises his eyes-- sees the hand-- reacts with a strangled, surprised sound.

94.

VAN AND BOB

They hear Ed's sound... turn. Their eyes widen as they see what he is looking at, O.S.

95.

CLOSE ED AT GRILLE

He slaps the grille, looking for a way to get in, suddenly with a THUNKING SOUND, KIENHOLZ'S HEAD AND TORSO SLIP DOWN INTO VIEW. HIS HEAD STRIKES THE BOTTOM OF THE DUCT BEHIND THE GRILLE, UPSIDE DOWN... evidently he was crammed upside-down into the small area above the grille, and left stuffed there. His face is horribly shriveled, eyes staring, lips parched-looking. There is the suggestion that his body has been crushed--arms and legs twisted to impossible angles-- a leg, for example, is visible half across his chest.

96.

ED VAN AND BOB IN B.G.

For a long moment he stares INTO CAMERA.

ED

(voice breaking)

Kienholz.... Lord have mercy!

Van's and Bob's horrified spell is broken. Van stumbles toward the intercom on the wall just outside the door, yelling even before he gets to it.

97. VAN AT INTERCOM

He slaps at its switches, and his voice is suddenly magnified throughout the ship:

VAN
(into intercom)
C Compartment... 1st Storage, C
Compartment! Come quick... come
quick!

98. ED AT GRILLE

He curls his fingers into it, as if to rip it off with his bare hands-- darts a quick glance around and spots a small crowbar on a crate nearby. He batters and pries at the grille with it, like a fury.

OS, Van's VOICE is heard booming throughout the ship; and faint SHOUTS can be heard from the others-- questioning, startled. And the SOUNDS of their running steps along floors, on the ladders, coming closer.

99. INT. 1ST STORAGE LEVEL CENTER-WELL

Royce and Purdue appear from the level below; the two women and Calder from above. They shout questions at one another, sprint toward the door of C Compartment.

100. ED AT GRILLE

He has it sprung -- SHOOT FROM SUCH AN ANGLE THAT WE CAN'T SEE KIENHOLZ'S BODY. A final blow of the crowbar sends the grille spinning halfway across the room.

101. ED, FROM INSIDE GRILLE

SHOOT HIM PAST KIENHOLZ'S BODY... AGAIN, THE SUGGESTION OF THE BODY'S BEING HORRIBLY TWISTED, CRUMPLED UP.

Behind Ed, others appear at the door--stare in horror. The SHOUTS and FOOTSTEPS fade to silence.

102. GROUP AT DOOR

Ann appears, with Mary behind her. Ann takes one look and screams, spins away to bury her face against Mary's breast.

(CONTINUED)

102. CONTINUED:

ROYCE
(softly)
The one place we didn't think of
looking.. between the hulls!

ANN
(sobbing)
My God... what happened to him?
What happened to him?

103. ED FROM INSIDE DUCT

as in Sc. 101. He hesitantly reaches in to move the body. Van kneels into SHOT, helps him. Gingerly, they edge the body out of the opening.... CAMERA MOVES WITH IT TO AVOID MORE HORRIBLE DETAILS, BUT HINTS AT ITS BROKEN-DOLL ASPECT.

In b.g., Royce, Calder and Purdue approach; and more hesitantly, Ann, accompanied by Mary.

104. OUTSIDE GRILLE

The body is lowered out of SHOT, Ed and Van staring at it. One HAND remains visible-- shriveled, fingers curled-- standing up from the body in rigor mortis effect.

VAN
(hoarsely)
Doc....

Mary kneels beside Van and Ed. One look is enough. She shakes her head.

105. BOB

He looks desperately at the grille.

BOB
Gino! Maybe he's in there too!
(he starts for the grille)

106. ED AND VAN

Van rises quickly to head Bob off, while Ed thrusts his head into the duct, looks this way and that.

ROYCE
Gino's gone?

(CONTINUED)

106. CONTINUED:

Van nods grimly, as Ed withdraws his head.

ED
He's not here....

ROYCE
(appalled)
What's going on?

107. PURDUE AND CALDER

They're struggling with a heavy crate at the far end of the room.

PURDUE
This way!... this way! If he's in there, we can get him through the hatch!

The others hurry toward them, leaving Mary and Ann beside the corpse. Mary still kneels beside it, making a swift examination, touching the skin of the shriveled, upraised hand, her face a study in bewilderment and horror.

The men get the big crate shoved aside--revealing that THE HATCH IS MARKED BLOWER MOTOR 4 IS WARPED, OFF ITS FASTENINGS, RESTING ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE OPENING.

All stare in astonishment, at the ruined hatch. Then Purdue grabs a flashlight off a shelf and bends to the opening.

PURDUE
(grimly)
I'll go. ... I know the layout in there.

108. INSIDE BLOWER CUBBY

(NOTE: This cubby contains a blower motor, one of many in the ship's circulation system. The covering hatch is about 4 x 4' square, held fixed by eight heavy spring-clamps. The opening is slightly smaller. Stretching away to either side of the motor is the tubular, tunnel-like airduct which runs between the inner and outer hulls of the ship. Any light within this duct results in ringed reflections--and all sounds echo metallicly.)

Purdue pokes his head in. Flattening to avoid the motor, he flashes the light to his right, squints. Grunting, he changes his position to flash the light to his left, toward CAMERA. Squints -- reacts as he sees:

109. LONG GINO IN DUCT

... dimly seen, about fifteen feet distant. He is propped at a turn in the duct. The flash sweeps across his face, comes back, wavers there.

PURDUE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(echoey)

He's in here! Gino! Gino!

110. GROUP OUTSIDE

featuring Bob, as Purdue's shout carries over.

BOB

(features agonized)

Gino!

He starts toward the hatch, and Ed puts an arm across his chest.

ED

Easy, kid.

PURDUE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(under preceeding,
muffled)

Gino! Gino!

111. PURDUE IN DUCT

He wriggles along on knees and elbows, commando-style, holding the flash before him with difficulty, face strained.

112. MEDIUM GINO

The flash wavers back and forth across his face and shoulders-- coming closer and closer, as Purdue (CS) crawls. Now we can make out details of Gino's position ... he leans laxly in the corner of the duct, motionless, arms loose at his sides, palms up. His head rolls forward on his chest. The flashlight creates ringed reflections in the circular duct -- reflections that dance, waver, change with Purdue's every movement.

113. CLOSE PURDUE

Crawling... squinting forward. Suddenly he pauses, focuses the flash, blinks his eyes to clear vision. A shock reaction.

114. CLOSE GINO

Slowly, slowly, he raises his head-- just an inch or so -- to disclose the suggestion of horrible wrinkles parched lips, the shriveled condition we saw in Kienholz.

AND WE SEE THAT GINO IS VERY SLOWLY SHAKING HIS HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE, HEAD DOWN, EYES UP -- as if he were saying "No!" from beyond the grave.

115. PURDUE IN DUCT

PURDUE

(shouts)

He's alive... he's alive!

116. GROUP OUTSIDE

Bob reacts to Purdue's shout.

BOB

(almost sobbing)

Gino...

Ed stands at Bob's side. Wets his lips. He's got Bob by the arm, fingers digging in-- half to hold him, half to reassure. He takes a step forward, BRINGING THE DOOR WHEEL-CONTROL INTO SHOT. His other hand strikes it, and he looks down momentarily -- then down sharply.

TRUCK IN ON HIS HAND AND WHEEL. SLOWLY HIS HAND MOVES TO THE WHEEL, SPREADS OVER IT--HE SPREADS HIS FINGERS WIDER, WIDER, UNTIL THEY'LL SPREAD NO MORE, HIS HAND IS A TREMBLING CLAW -- AND HIS FINGERTIPS ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE, ENCOMPASS THE CIRCLE FORMED BY THE SCRATCHES IN THE PAINT AROUND THE WHEEL.

By this SHOT, emphasize Ed's realization that the scratches could have been caused by a HUGE, CLAWED HAND, turning the wheel.

117. CLOSE ED

He swings sharply ON CAMERA, takes two short steps to CU. He opens his mouth to shout a warning. But before he can get it out, a SOUND is heard OS--from the airduct-- A WHINE FROM GINO. A WORDLESS, HOPELESS WAIL, RISING IN PITCH AND VOLUME.

118. CLOSE GINO IN DUCT

His horrible mouth is open, the head shaking slowly from side to side. He WAIIIS, and the wail rises.

119. CLOSE PURDUE IN DUCT

He hesitates -- then crawls on slowly toward CLOSE FG, as, OS, Gino's WAIL rises, rises, turns to a SCREAM that is deafening in the confines of the duct.

When the SCREAM reaches peak intensity, ANOTHER SOUND OBLITERATES IT-- A SOUND TWICE, THREE TIMES AS LOUD-- A DEAFENING SQUALL, FOLLOWED BY A RUMBLING INHALATION THAT TELLS OF ENORMOUS LUNGS... THE SOUND OF IT.

Purdue has time only to shoot an appalled look to his right, around the bend in the duct, when A HUGE THREE-CLAWED HAND LASHES INTO SHOT WITH A WH-H-SH-H. THUNK! SCUND, AND LAYS OPEN HIS FOREHEAD FROM EYEBROW TO SCALP, KNOCKS THE FLASH OUT OF HIS HAND. Purdue yells--scrambles back a few inches, clawing for the machine-pistol at his belt. Again, the deafening SQUALL-RUMBLE.

(THE MUSICAL SCORE, WITHHELD TILL THIS MOMENT, STARTS WITH A WALLOP.)

120. GROUP OUTSIDE

They react...kerput.. six startled, terrified people! Ed spins away to almost cower against the wall-- his face falls apart with sick memories of the sound he hears -- the SQUALL-RUMBLE that echoes from the duct, O.S.

121. PURDUE IN DUCT

He has his gun out, is aiming it clumsily, frantically, at his attacker, who is located around the bend in the duct, on the other side of Gino. The gun blares, filling the duct with racket. By the gun's own repeated flashes of light, we see Purdue's bleeding face, his glaring eyes -- and the cartridges, ejecting from the gun in a steady stream.

122. CLOSE CREATURE

SEEN ONLY DIMLY in the light of the gunfire-- flat eyes, wide mouth ringed with teeth, a skull's head, a great orifice where the nose should be. A SQUALL-RUMBLE... and the rapid click and chittering of teeth, a foul sound.

123. PURDUE

Firing, wincing at what he sees.

124. CREATURE

Closer.

125. PURDUE

He yells incoherently, starts to scramble backward desperately toward the hatch opening a dozen feet to his rear.

126. GROUP OUTSIDE

They're gabbling incoherent questions, exclamations. Bob Finelli starts for the hatch, yelling. Van grabs him, throws him back. Ed is still standing frozen by the wall, eyes wild.

From O.S. come Purdue's muffled YELLS, and the violent KNOCKING, SCRAPING, THUDDING, as he scrambles backward. Overall, the SQUALL-RUMBLE once again.

Purdue's legs appear in the cubby opening, kicking and flailing madly. Royce and Van each grab a leg, yank him out. Purdue's head strikes the motor a solid blow as he spills out-- he stumbles to his knees, dazed -- tears out of their grasp, ignoring their shouted questions-- face streaming blood, he blunders to the door, through it, and keeps going.

127. ED

He pushes away from the wall like a madman-- bulls past Van. He is a man using to the hilt the last shred of courage he has left, so it won't die utterly. He sticks his head into the opening.

128. INSIDE DUCT ED

He peers down the duct. His face twists. He yells in hatred and terror.

129. OUTSIDE DUCT

Ed withdraws frantically-- picks up the warped hatch covering.

(CONTINUED)

129. CONTINUED:

ED

Help!

Van scrambles to his side, helps him fit the plate over the opening. Suddenly Bob Finelli appears in SHOT, fighting to get past them.

BOB

Gino!... Gino!... you can't leave him in--

Ed lets go of the plate for a split-second, turns to Bob and viciously judos him-- once in the belly, once across the side of the neck. Bob folds, and Ed shoves him brutally away. Van is snapping three of the clamps on the plate-- all that will fit, in its warped condition. Ed and Van grab the big crate, wrestle it in front of the hatch. Then they tumble back across the floor toward shelter, Ed dragging the moaning Bob Finelli with him. He shoves Bob into Royce's arms.

ED

(hoarsely)

Get him out of here!

(to Ann and Mary)

Get out! Get up above!

Ann and Royce start to object.

ED

(furiously)

Get a head start, will you!

Royce and the women leave, taking Bob with them. He's sobbing, almost unable to stand.. and still trying weakly to get back to the hatch. Royce handles him ineffectually, looking dazed himself.

130. CRATE IN FRONT OF HATCH

Silent.

131. ED VAN CALDER

In positions of shelter, behind crates. Calder has his rifle leveled across a crate, and stares unblinkingly, ready for anything. Van has his machine-pistol out. Ed crouches unarmed; he is panting, eyes a little glazed-- there is something of newfound, or rediscovered, vitality in his manner... something of the real Carruthers stirring beneath his removed state.

132. CRATE IN FRONT OF HATCH

Silent. In f.g. is Kienholz's dead hand, raises as if to point out his killer.

133. ED VAN CALDER

lined behind their crates. Van and Ed exchange glances-- and in Van's eyes there is his first and last indication of grudging apology to Ed... a basic dislike is still obvious. Ed notes this quality-- brushes it off, not giving a damn. Van silently changes position, moving to the shelter of a larger box.

134. CRATE IN FRONT OF HATCH HAND

O.S. from within the duct behind the crate, A SLIGHT SCRAPING NOISE, AS OF CLAWS ON METAL.

135. THREE MEN

Calder wets his lips, sighting down his rifle. Silently Ed reaches out, picks up the crowbar that he used on the grille. They wait.

136. CRATE IN FRONT OF HATCH HAND

Silence. Stretch this SHOT until it breaks.

137. MEN

Van notices something OS, across the room-- gets Ed's attention-- points. Ed follows his gaze.

138. CLOSE SMALL CARTON

bearing the word: GRENADES.

139. MEN

Ed nods. He and Van rise slowly, silently-- Van puts a hand on Calder's shoulder, telling him to stay put. Van and Ed inch toward the GRENADES carton, OS.

140. GRENADES CARTON

as Van and Ed reach it. It has a snap lid, and they open

(CONTINUED)

140. CONTINUED:

the snaps painfully, silently, revealing rows of grenades in cells. Ed takes three of them and taps Van on the arm -- nods his head at the grille. Van nods, takes some grenades out of the box.

141. CRATE IN FRONT OF HATCH

Ed moves into SHOT, approaching the crate gingerly, putting his feet down in absolute silence. The only sound is the men's BREATHING, and the RUSTLE of their clothing.

142. REVERSE

Ed comes slowly TOWARD CAMERA, face intent, ears straining for the slightest sound.

143. CLOSE CRATE IN FRONT OF HATCH

as Ed reaches it. Carefully, he kneels to peer behind it. CAMERA MOVES AROUND HIM to reveal, behind the crate, the warped hatch and the dark gaps where the hatch doesn't meet the wall. There are only a few inches to work in. With agonized slowness, Ed slides one of the grenades between crate and hatch, hooks it over one of the snapped clamps in such a way that if the hatch is forced open, the grenade's pin will be pulled. His face is covered with perspiration.

On hands and knees, a grenade in each hand, Ed crawls around to the other side of the crate, repeats the procedure on a clamp there. This time there are only inches between his eyes and one of the dark gaps into the airduct, and he stares at it hypnotized as he works.

He has the third grenade, but no place to rig it. He puts it in his jacket pocket-- rises-- starts back across the room.

144. VAN AT GRILLE

as Ed approaches in b.g. Van finishes rigging his last grenade above the opening-- he has HUNG THEM THERE BY THEIR PINS on broken-off bolt-ends so if anything comes out it will brush the grenades off and trigger them. He looks around, catches Ed's high-sign.

145. THREE MEN

Ed and Van pick up Kienholz's body, which remains out of SHOT except for the upthrust hand-- they lug it slowly, silently out the door. Behind them, rifle pointed unerringly at the crate, Calder retreats step-by-step out of the room.

146. OUTSIDE C COMPARTMENT

Van nods at Calder, and Calder turns the outside wheel-control. The door slides shut with a whisper of sound. They start for the center-well with silent haste.

DISSOLVE TO:

147. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

CAMERA IS TRUCKING in slow semicircle around the room, picking up individuals and their activities. EMPHASIZE that the hatch leading to the lower levels is closed down.

OPEN on the long laboratory workbench... scientific equipment has been pushed aside, and the bench is covered with guns-- rifles, pistols, boxes of ammo. It resembles the gun-covered desk we saw in the wrecked CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-ONE. Calder and Van are silently checking the guns one by one, loading them.

Ed sits on a bench nearby, face in hands-- he has an attack of the shakes.

TRUCK to pick up Purdue, lying on his back on a swing-down cot in the dispensary section of the lab. His face is still dazed -- and, in addition, rather bitterly ashamed. Mary Royce is bandaging his head, and he takes it stoically, though it obviously hurts like the devil. Beside the cot, on a low medical table, are soiled swabs, bottles of antiseptic, a basin filled with bloody water. At Mary's side, Ann is filling a hypodermic.

In b.g., on a lab table, is Kienholz's body-- it is covered with a sheet, but there is the queasy suggestion of its still being crumpled almost into a ball.

TRUCK to pick up Bob Finelli, standing alone, stricken, all cried out. HOLD. He is staring across the room at Ed, hating him.

In b.g., Royce comes out of the Prufier Room, face grim. As he passes Bob, he puts a hand on the kid's

(CONTINUED)

147. CONTINUED:

arm-- notices the direction of Bob's stare, and pauses.

ROYCE

It was the only thing to do, Bob.
I know how --

BOB

We could have tried.

ROYCE

(sympathetically,
but deliberately)
You heard what Jack said. Gino was
past help. There just wasn't any-
thing we--

BOB

We should have tried.

He turns his face away. Royce shakes his head, moves on
toward the men checking the guns.

148. VAN CALDER ED IN B.G.

Van and Calder work quickly, efficiently, with the guns.
Royce approaches, reaches them.

ROYCE

I've shut off air circulation to
the lower levels. Sooner or later
that should drive it out of the
duct--

CALDER

Right into the grenades!

VAN

(working steadily)
Bullets didn't have much effect
... even at point-blank range.

They digest that, uncomfortably.

149. MARY ANN

as they work over Purdue. Mary puts the finishing touches
on the bandage.

MARY

There.. you'll be all right, Jack.
You'll have to rest.....

(CONTINUED)

149. CONTINUED:

Purdue's shame-ridden face turns into the pillow. Mary looks at him sympathetically.

MARY

Jack... nobody blames you....

Purdue ignores her. She rises with a sign, turns to Ann, who is looking O.S., face sick.

ANN

Do you know what it did to Joe?

150. MEDIUM KIENHOLZ'S CORPSE

We're close enough to make out the suggestion of legs and arms at crazy, broken angles, beneath the sheet.

151. MARY ANN

MARY

(shakes her head)

Every bone in his body must be broken -- but I'm not sure that's what killed him. That-shrivelled effect... I'll have to do an autopsy.....

ANN

(looking away from the body)

What is that thing down there?

152. GROUP AT GUN TABLE

Van and Royce are shoving the machine-pistols into belted holsters. Royce handles them clumsily, and with a touch of discomfort-- obviously no man of action. Calder is loading the rifles.

VAN

(to Ed)

What is it, Carruthers?

Ed looks up slowly, face strained.

VAN

Carruthers, do you know what it is?

(CONTINUED)

152. CONTINUED:

ED

(shakes head)

No... not even after two years of nightmares...

(he ruses unsteadily,
moves to the table,
starts to help Calder
with the rifles)

ROYCE

I have a theory... based on what you and Jack told me. You say it is man-shaped-- humanoid. Perhaps there was once a civilization on Mars. It ended -- disease, war, something terrible. The Martians -- what was left of them-- went back to barbarism. Over the centuries, they turned into something little better than animals. Savage. Murderous. But still with a high basic intelligence. Perhaps that is what we have aboard...

Mary enters SHOT.

ROYCE

(to Mary)

How is he?

MARY

He'll be all right. Eric.. go talk to him. He's so ashamed of what he did....

153. PURDUE

Facé still bitter. His eyes flicker to the side, and he moves his head painfully to follow his gaze.

154. ANGLE ON BOB SHOOTING PAST PURDUE

He leans brokenly by a porthole.

PURDUE

Kid.....

155. CLOSE BOB PURDUE IN B.G.

He hears Purdue's voice.

(CONTINUED)

155. CONTINUED:

PURDUE

Come here.

Bob slowly moves away from the porthole.

156. PURDUE

Bob comes into SHOT and sits down beside Purdue's cot. face stony with grief.

PURDUE

I was only three feet from him, Bob. He was shaking his head-- trying to warn me. I was that close to him, and I couldn't help him... instead, I ran. Why don't you hate me too?

Bob shakes h's head miserably.

PURDUE

At least Carruthers didn't run. He did what had to be done. If anybody did the wrong thing, it was me. But, believe me, Bob... we couldn't have helped him! Gino knew that.... he knew it himself!

Bob begins to crumble.

BOB

I don't blame Carruthers.. you... I don't blame anybody. It's just that he's down there....

Purdue puts out a hand to grasp Bob's tightly. Bob covers it with his other hand, and bows his forehead over them, sobbing silently.

157. ROYCE

He pauses in his approach to Purdue's cot-- reacts to the scene there, and decides to let well enough alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

158. GROUP TENSELY WAITING

for some sign, some sound, from below. They wear their guns. Purdue is propped up in his cot, a gun in his lap, a cigar between his teeth. In undertones, they're discussing the situation.

(CONTINUED)

158. CONTINUED:

ROYCE

(desperately)

How could that thing have got
aboard?

Ed shakes his head helplessly.

VAN

And why?... just to kill us?
That doesn't make sense!

ANN

Why didn't it attack us outside,
Colonel?

ED

Maybe it wasn't sure we were all.
It knew if there were others inside,
it couldn't get to them once it had
shown itself. So it waited... came
inside. As for why?... you saw
Kienholz's body. Something happened
to it --before it was discarded,
shoved off into another part of the
circulation duct.

(looks around at them,
eyes hard)

What's the usual reason when an
intelligent creature kills?

MARY

(softly)

It's hungry.

Bob takes in a long breath at that, and they avoid
looking at them.

ANN

(changing the subject)

What makes you so certain it's
intelligent, Colonel? Not just
an animal?

ED

It opened the door to C Compartment
...probably looking for air, after
Purdue shut off the circulation down
there.

The others react to this, looking at the closed hatch
in the center of the room. CAMERA PANS TO HATCH, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

159. SAME

Calder checks his rifle for the dozenth time. Ed stares into space, humming very softly. Eric Royce sits beside Mary, his hand on her knee. Purdue puffs his cigar. Bob sits with his gun clutched in both hands, trembling. Van's face is hard, alert, as he concentrates on listening.

MARY
(thoughtfully)

Eric....

Royce looks up.

MARY
(cont'g)
Those gas grenades Gino made up.
He joked about them... said if we
ran into any dinosaurs on Mars, the
grenades would take care of them.
(a beat)
If nothing else works, perhaps gas...

PURDUE
(alert)
They're in the chemical cabinet,
Eric. A steel box....

Royce rises, walks to the cabinet -- finds the steel box. He walks with it to the long, semicircular desk near the center-well, opens it there. Revealed are about fifteen small translucent glass globes, packed in cotton.

Royce eyes the center-well, then the box. He turns to the others.

ROYCE
We'll use them as a last resort.
Jimmy, will you get out the oxygen-
masks?

DISSOLVE TO:

160. THE SAME

The group now wears their oxygen-masks -- tanks strapped to backs, but with the mask element clipped to their belts, ready for instant use.

Suddenly a VERY FAINT METALLIC SCRATCHING SOUND is heard from the wall-intercom. The group reacts, looking at it.

161. MEDIUM INTERCOM

with some of the tense watchers in f.g. Again, the SCRATCHING SOUND, almost inaudible. The people exchange glances. Some of them rise to their feet, guns clutched tightly.

162. CLOSE INTERCOM

Suddenly a metallic CRASH! is heard over the intercom, as the hatch in C Compartment, below, is smashed aside. On the heels of the crash comes the ROAR of a grenade going off, shrill over the intercom. The ROAR is cut off in a split-second, as the wall-intercom in C Compartment is ruined by the explosion. CARRIED OVER IS THE REMAINDER OF THE EXPLOSION, NOT HEARD OVER THE INTERCOM, BUT INSTEAD RUMBLING UP FROM C COMPARTMENT UNDERFOOT.

163. FACES OF THE GROUP

as they react. Another grenade goes off, and another. Small objects on shelves and tables in the laboratory dance and jump. ADDED TO THE EXPLOSION SOUND IS A RINGING, RESONATING, VIBRATION EFFECT, CAUSED BY THE GRENADES' GOING OFF IN A CONFINED METAL AREA AND VIRTUALLY RINGING THAT WHOLE QUARTER OF THE SHIP LIKE A GIANT BELL. This effect lingers, dies to silence.

They listen for a few seconds. Silence.

ROYCE

The grenades..

The men move toward the center-well. Royce handles his gun leerily, ill at ease in the face of violence. Ann and Mary wait behind, moving to the side of Purdue's cot.

164. ED

He hesitates beside Purdue's cot for a moment. He carries two machine-pistols. He drops one of them onto the cot beside Purdue, moves on. Purdue, now with two guns in his hands, twists in order to be able to face the center-well.

In b.g., Van presses the button on the railing control-console to open the hatch.

165. INT. 1st STORAGE LEVEL LIGHT

SHOOTING UP AT UNDERSIDE OF HATCH, as it slowly swings up. Wisps of smoke from the grenades fill the air, curling and twisting in slow-motion. The hatch goes up about six inches, stops. The faces of Van and Ed appear in the opening, peer downward.

166. DOOR TO C COMPARTMENT MEN'S POV

It is buckled slightly, sprung by the force of the explosions. Smoke curls from about its edges.

167. UNDERSIDE OF HATCH

It starts swinging up again, revealing Van, Ed, Royce, Bob, and Calder standing around the opening, guns spiking downward. After a moment's watchful waiting, they start down the ladder, Van first. CAMERA MOVES BACK, PANS THEM DOWN. They fan out and move slowly toward the silent, smoking door. CAMERA TRUCKS IN with them, HOLDS as they reach it. They listen -- Look at each other. Silence. Ed is controlling an extreme, morbid fear-- a restimulation of four years' memories.

168. MEDIUM GROUP AT DOOR

Van warily works the wheel-control by the side of the door. The door slides half-open, with a grating SOUND-- then it sticks. Smoke curls out of the compartment, wreathing the group. Beyond the half-open door is darkness.

Ed flips the light switch, located beside the door. Nothing happens. He lowers his eyes to it, flips it again.

169. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP AT DOOR

Ed works at the light switch. Suddenly the lights go on in C Compartment-- but not steadily; they FLICKER. And they reveal the Creature, standing right there beyond the door, dimly seen through the curling smoke that fills the compartment. The Creature is backlit, almost silhouetted-- a looming, half-crouched figure-- not an arm's length away from the group by the door. As the lights go on, the hideous SQUALL-RUMBLE fills the air.

The group reacts frantically, spilling backward, shouting.

(CONTINUED)

169. CONTINUED:

A three-clawed hand on a thick arm lashes through the door-opening, takes the RIFLE out of Calder's hands-- pulls it back to crumple it, with a screech of steel, into a V-shape against door and jamb.

170. WIDE GROUP

They tumble backward, firing their guns at the door. Complete and furious confusion. Shouts.

Ed trips, falls -- fires even as he scrambles to his feet. He is yelling incoherently, face contorted. Behind him Royce grops his gun with both hands, firing convulsively.

171. DOOR

The Creature is TEARING, RIPPING, SHREDDING THE SOLID STEEL OF THE DOOR, with great blows of its three-clawed hands. It grabs a portion of the door, heaves-- and THE STEEL TEARS LIKE CARDBOARD. The air is filled with the rending and screeching of steel.

172. CLOSE VAN

He stares unbelievably, even as he fires. Retreating, he aims, fires a long burst.

173. CREATURE BEHIND DOOR

With powerful blows, back and forth, it sends shreds of the door flying through the air like shrapnel. AT THE SAME TIME, THE BULLETS THAT VAN IS FIRING LEAVE A TRAIL OF SHALLOW, PAINT-CHIPPED POCKMARKS ACROSS THE DOOR, NOT EVEN FUNCTURING IT.

174. BASE OF LADDER

The men scramble upward. Van urges them on, waiting till last-- yelling, firing his pistol like a madman. Ed is last to reach the ladder-- he and Van stand for a moment shoulder to shoulder, firing furiously. Then Ed's gun jams-- he spins around, starts up the ladder, Van at his heels.

175.. CLOSE DOOR CREATURE

A last great blow sends a large portion of the door spinning outward, and the Creature's head and shoulders bull
(CONTINUED)

175. CONTINUED:

through the opening, STILL DIMLY SEEN IN THE SMOKE
AND FLICKERING BACKLIGHTING.

176. CLOSE VAN

going up the ladder frantically.

177. INT. LAB LEVEL DOWN THROUGH HATCH

Calder, Royce and Bob are clustered around the opening, trying to get a clear shot down past Van, who is clambering upward. As he reaches the floor-level, Ed grabs his hand, yanks-- Van spills off the ladder on his belly.

The Creature appears at the bottom of the ladder. It blunders against the control-console on the railing, and with a shower of sparks the 1st SOTRAGE level is in darkness. Out of this smoke-shot darkness, the Creature's face emerges dimly, coming up the ladder.

THE HATCH IS STEADILY CLOSING, Royce having slapped the control-console at his side the moment Van reached safety.

178. GROUP

falling back from the almost-closed hatch. In b.g., Purdue, risen from his cot, staggers toward them to be of help. Ann and Mary are huddled together.

179. CLOSE HATCH

It closes with a SOLID, METALLIC SOUND. A second later, there is a tremendous BLOW against its underside; a hump appears, and paint chips fly. The blow reverberates.

180. VAN

He spins away to grab up the box of grenades from the long desk. Another BLOW resounds against the hatch... another.

VAN

The emergency hatch... put on your
masks!

(CONTINUED)

180. CCNTINUED:

Calder and Ed rush after him, and Van slides to his knees beside a small circular hatch set in the floor. Hastily he adjusts his oxygen-mask. Calder spins the hatch's wheel-control, throws it back-- grabs his own mask off his belt, slips it on. Beside him, Ed, already masked, grabs a grenade out of the box... he throws it through the hatch, grabs another, throws it. Below, the PLOP... PLOP of the grenades' breaking is heard.

181. DOWN THROUGH HATCH PAST MEN

All that can be seen is a circle of light (from the hatch) on the floor of the level below, and boiling vapors from the grenades, almost obscuring it.

A SQUALL-RUMBLE is heard OS, and a CRASH as the Creature leaps from the ladder to the floor. A moment later, it appears, dimly seen, glares upward.

182. ED THROWING BOMBS

By his side, Van and Calder crowd to get into position to fire.

183. CREATURE THROUGH HATCH

It gathers itself, and leaps straight up, just as a grenade explodes at its feet. It is a tremendous leap, carrying the Creature from MS to CU, framed by the hatch. It falls down again, landing lithely on all fours..

184. ED THROWING BOMBS

Van, at his side, fires downward. Calder is jamming a new clip into his machine-pistol. Gas from the grenades is now curling upward through the hatch.

185. CREATURE THROUGH HATCH

It gathers, leaps again.

186. GROUP AT HATCH

From the opening at their feet, one of the Creature's huge hands emerges, and CATCHES ONTO THE RIM OF THE OPENING. The other hand appears, flailing wildly to get a grasp.

(CONTINUED)

186. CONTINUED:

Ed braces himself, kicks at the clawed hand. His boot heel scrapes up and along the tops of the huge, curved claws. Ed kicks again, and his heel gets a grip -- he shoves. The hand is pushed back toward the opening with a fingernail-on-blackboard SOUND.

The Creature's other hand, searching blindly for grip, SUDDENLY LASHES DOWN AND SINKS A CLAW INTO VAN'S FOOT. Van screams (filter), drops his gun, kneels, face wild with pain and fear, to yank helplessly at his foot.

As Ed finally succeeds in shoving the one hand off and away, with a rasping SOUND and some SPARKS AS A CLAW NIPS THE EDGE OF THE OPENING, Calder tackles Van, yanking him away.

187. CLOSE VAN'S FOOT CLAW IMBEDDED

As Van is torn away, the CLAW MOVES DOWNWARD THROUGH THE BOOT LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER, TO EMERGE BLOODY AT THE TOE, O.S., Van screams (filter).

188. ED

He throws the last of his grenades, and the box after it. He stares down through the hatch, one hand ready to slam it down. Calder is at his side, still firing. Van has spun away to lie on the floor, gabbling with pain.

189. CREATURE THROUGH HATCH

It's COUGHING now, great rumbling coughs... suddenly an infuriated SQUALL-RUMBLE, and more coughing. It wheels, bounds away into the darkness.

190. ED CALDER

They peer intently down through the hatch-- strain to one side, to see where the Creature went.

191. DOWN THROUGH HATCH PAST ED AND CALDER

The Creature's COUGHING is heard again, O.S., coming closer. Suddenly it appears-- DRAGGING THE BODY OF GINO FINELLI AFTER IT, POWERFULLY, WITHOUT EFFORT, AS IF THE BODY WERE A FLOPPING DOLL. It tosses Gino's body through the open center-well hatch, down to the 2nd STORAGE level, and hops nimbly after it.

192. ED

He spins to shout at Royce in b.g.

ED

The Second Storage hatch! Close
it! Close it!

Royce, by the railing control-console, shakes himself,
presses a button.

193. DOWN THROUGH HATCH PAST MEN

As Ed and Clader watch, Royce joins them. Together, they
see the center-well hatch on the level below slowly close,
sealing the Creature in the 2nd STORAGE level.

DISSOLVE TO:

194. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

SLOW PAN reveals postures of waiting and worry. Faces
are appalled... they're finally beginning to realize the
magnitude of what they're up against. Silence prevails--
when anyone moves, they do it carefully, as if afraid
the slightest sound will attract the attention of the
thing below.

Van and Perdue lie side by side, Purdue on his cot, Van
on an impromptu cot made of pillows on a lab table. Both
look sick, feverish. Over Van's cot is a blood-transfusion
rig, its tube winds down to his leg. His foot, heavily
bandaged, rests on a pillow.

Mary Royce works at a lab bench. She is studying something
through a microscope, and reporting in low tones to Ann,
who takes notes at her side.

Ed, Royce, Bob, and Calder talk in undertones. We pick
up their conversation:

CALDER

Bullets... grenades... gas... it
won't die! I could see bullets
bouncing right off it!

ED

It's armored... heavy plates
and scales.

(CONTINUED)

194. CONTINUED:

ROYCE

(still almost dazed)

Possibly all its vital organs are protected. If that's true -- if its armor is comparable, in terms of its size, to -- say, a beetle's-- then it's thicker and stronger than armor plate. We might as well throw our guns away.

ED

Keep them. Next time shoot for the eyes.

BOB

Next time? Surely it can't get through the center-well hatches! They're solid half-inch alloy -- (his voice trails off, as he sees that no one shares his half-conviction)

CALDER

We could turn around... go back to Mars... somehow get the critter out of the --

ROYCE

We don't have the fuel. If we did that, we couldn't return to Earth.

Calder looks at Ed.

CALDER

We'd be in your boat, Sir -- marooned. But at least we'd--

ROYCE

It's no good, Jimmy. There's another problem.. we might as well face it. The Creature consumes oxygen at a fantastic rate-- enough for six men. Very likely it has enormous lungs, developed to enable it to extract sufficient oxygen from Mars' thin atmosphere.

ED

What are you getting at, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

194. CONTINUED:

ROYCE

If it keeps breathing, and -- we keep breathing-- inside a week, the ship's atmosphere will be almost solid CO₂, incapable of supporting life...

CALDER

(puzzled)

I don't get it. The thing's trapped down below-- the air's turned off down there, and we have plenty up here. Seems to me maybe that's our answer... won't it just asphyxiate?

ROYCE

If it stays down there. But will it? I believe its need for oxygen alone would drive it to attack us -- again and again. And we don't know whether the hatches can hold it back.

After a moment, Ed shrugs:

ED

It'll take it out ten hours to get unhappy down there, with the air shut off. I guess we'll know then....

They think hard for a moment.

CALDER

(face lights up)

Hey... can't we just put on our suits and go outside on the hull till it smothers?

ROYCE

Even if we took all our spare suit-tanks outside, we'd be good for only a few hours. It can last for several days in the ship....

Another moment passes.

BOB

What frightens me most...

They look at him.

(CONTINUED)

194. CONTINUED:

BOB

It isn't afraid.

DISSOLVE TO:

195. SAME FOUR MEN

in various attitudes of waiting, concentration.

Mary moves into SHOT, and they look up. She sits down beside Royce.

ROYCE

Did you find out?

MARY

(nods tiredly)

There's hardly a drop of water or a molecule of oxygen left in Kienholz's body....

CALDER

(astonished)

Water!

MARY

Blood, glandular secretions, bone marrow, moisture in the tissues ... every ounce of edible body fluid in him. Probably through some kind of osmosis process-- there aren't any punctures. That's what killed him--dehydration and cellular collapse-- not being crushed into the duct....

ROYCE

(nods)

It holds together. Mars... a world almost totally without water and oxygen. The creature's entire being is probably organized to feed in this manner-- to prey on smaller creatures, which in turn feed off the sand itself, converting their intake and hoarding it as water.

O.S., Van's moan is heard again, rising.

196. VAN ON COT

His face is feverish-- he twists, eyes closed. In b.g., Ann rises from the lab table to hurry toward him.

197. GROUP

MARY

I'm worried about Van and Jack.
Infection has set in.... I can't
seem to control it....

She starts to rise-- and freezes as, from underfoot, a MUFFLED METALLIC CRASHING is heard-- insistent, repeated, as if someone were attacking plate steel with a sledge.

The men stare at one another-- rise-- move toward the emergency hatch, walking almost on tiptoe, guns ready. OS, Van's moans subside as the women shush him.

Royce silently eases open the emergency hatch-- the men stare down through it.

198. DOWN THROUGH HATCH

at the CENTER-WELL HATCH on the 1st STORAGE level, below. Several humps have appeared in it, paint flaked off. As we watch, a great BLOW creates ANOTHER HUMP, WITH A TINY SPLIT ALONG ITS TOP. A CLAW APPEARS, RIPS AT THE SPLIT, ENLARGING IT WITH A SCREECHING OF STEEL. In a moment, one of the Creature's HANDS has come through the hole in the hatch. It paws around curiously, TALONS SCRAPING METAL. A faint SNARL is heard from the Creature. The hand withdraws. Silence.

199. MEN AT EMERGENCY HATCH

as Royce silently closes hatch.

ED

It's exploring... testing....

ROYCE

We have our answer gentlemen, It can get through the center hatches, if it chooses to attack us! And it will... it must!

(grimly -- a mild man
accepting the inevitability
of violence and horror)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

199. CONTINUED:

ROYCE (cont'd)

That is our foe... a creature of
superhuman strength! A vampire,
whose very touch is poison! Who
is consuming the air we need to live.
Who hungers for our bodies. We're
trapped with it... trapped in space!
It has to kill us, or starve... we
have to kill it, or die!

DISSOLVE TO:

200. PURDUE ON COT

His face is covered with perspiration; he looks like a
very sick man. Mary is giving him a hypodermic injection.

PULL BACK to reveal Van lying close by, looking equally
sick. Ann sits at his side, taking his pulse, eyes on
her watch.

201. CALDER

He stands by the wall-intercom in a pose of intense
listening, his ear cocked for the slightest sound. He
flips one switch down, another up, and listens... listens
...while, in b.g., Royce and Bob sit at a lab table,
talking in unintelligible undertones.

202. ANN VAN

She releases his wrist, picks up a chart, makes a note
on it. Ed comes into SHOT, looking down at the sick man.

ED

How is he?

ANN

(worried)

So far the infection isn't critical.
They may be able to fight it off in
their own.....

203. MARY

at Purdue's cot. She swabs her hypodermic, returns it
to its container. Her face is grim.

(CONTINUED)

203. CONTINUED:

MARY

It's an alien bacteria of some kind. Our drugs don't even touch it.

204. ANGLE INCLUDING MARY, ANN, ED

as Mary rises, moves to Van's cot, takes the chart from Ann's hands.

MARY

If this keeps up, they'll need blood. A lot of it.

(looks up grimly from the chart)

The blood supply is stored in Second Storage....

205. ROYCE AND BOB AT TABLE

Calder is in b.g., listening at the intercom.

A large DIAGRAM of the ship is spread on the table, similar to the sketch on p. A-4. Royce and Bob are studying this, elbows on table. Beside them are a filled ashtray, half-empty cups of cold coffee. We pick up their conversation in mid-sentence:

ROYCE

-- one level between us--

(his finger touches the LAB level on the diagram)

-- and it, in Second Storage.

(his finger touches the 2nd STORAGE level on the diagram)

One level... two thin hatches.

BOB

Why is it so quiet, now? Why isn't it attacking?

Royce doesn't reply. Bob stares at him a moment, and his face twists.

BOB

It has Gino....

206. ED ANN

They move slowly away from Van's cot, where Mary' is swabbing Van's arm for an injection.

ANN

(softly)

Colonel Carruthers... I know this may sound horrible. You were right, and we were all wrong. It's taken this to prove it.

(pauses, looks at him squarely)

I'm just glad you aren't-- what we thought you were.

Ed smiles the ghost of a smile-- puts out his hand to take hers for a moment. Not romantically-- just acknowledging her thought.

207. VAN

His eyes are glassy, staring off to the side. Behind him, Mary is giving the injection in the unseen arm.

VAN

(weakly)

Ann....

208. REVERSE ED AND ANN

Ed drops her hand, and she hurries into f.g. toward Van (O.S.).

209. CLOSE VAN

His face is unreadable, as he stares at Ed. Then Ann's hands come into SHOT, soothing him. He doesn't look up at her-- just stares at Ed for another moment. Then his eyes close.

210. CLOSE CALDER AT INTERCOM

Suddenly the faint SOUND of the Creature's FOOTFALLS-- fleshy, with claws-- is heard over the intercom. And the SOUNDS of its regular, deep breathing. The sounds grow louder, then diminish as the Creature passes the intercom unit two levels below.

CALDER

(noncommittally)

It's moving around.

211. ROYCE AND BOB AT TABLE

They look up at Calder's words. Ed moves into SHOT, joins them, pulling up a chair.

ROYCE

Bob has a suggestion, Colonel Carruthers. We could get around behind the Creature-- by going out the Control Room emergency airlock--

(his finger points out the lock on the diagram)

-- moving down the hull --

(his finger traces that route)

-- to the emergency airlock on the Motor level.

(his finger points out the lock)

That would put us one level below it. We might be able to surprise it that way-- but--

(he looks up helplessly)

Surprise it with what? What do we have that can kill it? It's armored like a tank....

Ed studies the diagram, digesting the possibility of such an attack. Suddenly, he looks up, eyes wide.

ED

(softly)

Like a tank....

Royce and Bob react..

ROYCE

You have something?

Ed reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out the single grenade. He puts it on the table, and CAMERA MOVES IN FOR CU of grenade.

LAP TO:

212. CLOSE GRENADE

It is clipped into a vise on a laboratory workbench, with its explosive load removed. Working over it is Ed, wearing a welding-mask. He is welding a long, sharp metal point to the bottom of the grenade shell.

213. CLOSE CALDER

He works a few feet away from Ed, laboring over a small tubular device a little longer and a little smaller in circumference than the grenade; tinkering with its insides.

214. INT. PURIFIER ROOM ROYCE

With a cutting torch, he is removing a four-foot section from one of the many 3" o.d. pipes that cluster like refrigeration tubing (minus fins) along one wall.

215. INT. LAB PROPER CLOSE ED

He kills the torch -- pushes back his mask to wipe perspiration off his face. A moment later Calder appears in SHOT to hand him the tubular device, and Ed shoves his mask back down, bends to commence welding the thing to the grenade shell on the end opposite the sharp point. In b.g., Royce emerges from the Purifier Room, carrying the length of pipe.

LAP TO:

216. ED AT BENCH

Carefully he inserts the explosive core back into the grenade. The grenade now resembles a miniature rocket-ship-- the sharp point at one end, the hollow tube at the other. Ed lowers the core through the hollow tube at the rear; lowers the plug after it; lastly he places a small metal capsule resembling a CO2 capsule in the tube, and crumples a little paper in after it to hold it in place. Then, warily, he inserts the grenade's pin through a tiny hole bored at the base of the tube, where it joins the grenade-- the pin has been bent to the side, then up again, to lie flat in a shallow groove cut into the side of the tube.

LAP TO:

217. GROUP

Ed hefts the finished product-- a jerry-built bazooka-- as Calder, Royce and Bob look on. Two grips have been welded to the four-foot pipe-- Ed raises the weapon, aims it. Calder hands him the grenade-missile, and CAMERA MOVES IN to feature missile as Ed inserts it in the pipe, tilts the pipe so it comes to rest inside with a slight THUNK!

(CONTINUED)

217. CONTINUED:

ED

The rocket charge will drive the grenade-- pulling the pin at the same time. The sharp point will take the grenade right into the guts of our friend downstairs....

BOB

(looks intent)

I want to go.

ED

(digests the request)

Calder's trained; you're not.

BOB

I've got a--

ED

I know how you feel. The answer's no.

BOB

(angrily -- to Royce)

Is Carruthers giving the orders now?

ROYCE

(sympathetic; but firm)

No. But it's my order that you stay here, Bob.

Bob stands there, containing his resentment, misery, desire for vengeance on the thing that killed his brother.

DISSOLVE TO:

218. INT. CONTROL LEVEL LIGHT

Ed and Calder are wearing their spacesuits-- minus helmets, which are tucked under their arms. They wear holstered machine-pistols at their belts, and Ed carries the bazooka.

Royce, Ann, and Bob have accompanied them up here, and Bob is synchronizing his watch with the chronometers set in the protruding "chest-boards" of the suits (on which various dials and gauges inform occupants of interior and exterior conditions).

(CONTINUED)

218. CONTINUED:

In b.g., Royce is at the controls of the center-well crane... and we see the stiff, crumpled, sheet-covered body of Kienholz emerge from the well, carried on the cargo-platform.

ED

(to Bob)

--exactly five hundred hours,
twenty minutes-- ten seconds--
now.

Bob, face a little sullen, clicks his watch into operation. In b.g., the crane-motor whines to a stop.

ED

(to Bob)

We'll time it to get to the Motor Level airlock at exactly five hundred twenty five. Start making noise then. Not a lot. Talk-- move around. Don't make it sound threatening! Just enough to keep its attention away from any noise we make coming in below.

Bob nods. Without to-do, Ed and Calder don their helmets, and the others help them screw them on. The space-suited men click the switches on the chest-boards that start their air supply flowing.

Ed says something inside his helmet, and it is muffled, unintelligible. Ann reaches to his chest-board, switches on his radio.

ED

(filter)

I said, good luck-- if we don't come back.

With her hand still on his chest-board, Ann and Ed look at each other soberly a moment. Then she drops her hand, looks down-- a little uncomfortable, a little shy, a little surprised at herself.

Ed and Calder move to get Kienholz's body off the platform.

DISSOLVE TO:

219. INT. EMERGENCY AIRLOCK DARK (EFFECT)

Slowly the outer door slides open, revealing the utterly silent, star-shot immensity of space.

220. EXT, CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-TWO SHOOTING INTO AIRLOCK (EFFECT)

Ed and Calder move out of its shadows, lugging the sheeted body of Kienholz. THEIR MOVEMENTS ARE SLOW AND AWKWARD, DUE TO NO-GRAVITY CONDITIONS.

221. CLOSE ED AND CALDER (EFFECT)

They emerge from the lock to stand with magnetic soles planted firmly on the ship's curving hull. They handle Kienholz's body with no difficulty-- it weighs next to nothing now.

ED

(filter)

I can't think of anything to say
... let's get it over with.

2 Together they give Kienholz's body a shove, and it spins slowly, steadily away from the ship, dwindling to a grey blob as they watch.

222. CLOSE ED'S FACE THROUGH FACEPLATE

His eyes turn downward.

223. INSERT CHRONOMETER

on Ed's chest-board, his POV. It reads FIVE HUNDRED HOURS, TWENTY TWO MINUTES, FIFTEEN SECONDS.

224. MEDIUM ED AND CALDER

They start walking clumsily, planting their feet, toward the great fins that loom overhead.

WIPE TO:

225. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

Bob's eyes are fixed on his watch. The others wait tensely.

226. INSERT - BOB'S WATCH

The time is 5:24:01.

227. EXT. CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-TWO ED AND CALDER LONG SHOT
(EFFECT)

They approach the MOTOR level emergency airlock, which is identical in appearance to the lock they just left. Ed kneels clumsily, pries up a small lid beside it that shields the lock's exterior control.

228. CLOSE ANGLE ED AND CALDER
on hull.

229. INSERT - CHRONOMETER
on Ed's chest-board, his POV. It reads: 5:24:42.

230. ED AND CALDER
Ed's hand is poised inside the tiny control cubby.

ED
(filter)
Now.

231. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

The people there start their mild commotion. Royce coughs. Bob commences walking backwards and forward slowly. The women start a pained, meaningless conversation, in normal -- if shaky -- tones.

232. EXT. CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-TWO ED AND CALDER

The emergency hatch slowly slides open, With infinite pains, the two men lower themselves inside.

233. INT. EMERGENCY LOCK DARK

Ed and Calder, again under the influence of the ship's artificail gravity, stand motionless as the outer door slowly closes.

ED
(filter)
(hope they're making noise.

(CONTINUED)

233. CONTINUED:

As the outer door closes, a small light flashes on overhead. Ed shifts the bazooka. Calder reaches to touch the airlock's inner control.

ED
(filter)

Wait.

He reaches up, tries clumsily to darken the automatic overhead light-- he can't remove the thin grille that covers it. He punches at the web of metal with his gauntleted fist, squashing it; the bulb breaks silently, since there is no air in the lock to conduct sound.

Calder manipulates the lock's inner controls. A small illuminated panel beside the inner door changes its legend from VACUUM to CYCLING. Gradually the hiss of air entering the lock becomes audible. It dies... and the panel changes to say: NORMAL.

Calder and Ed set themselves, and Calder presses a button to open the inner door.

234. INT. MOTOR LEVEL DARK

It is gradually revealed as the lock opens. SHOOT PAST THE HEADS OF CALDER AND ED, as they peer out tensely. The MOTOR level is silent, gloomy, filled with shadows. All about is the complex array of electrical equipment, tanks, cables, huge pipes. The only illumination is provided by a small "night-light" mounted just beneath the center-well hatch. CAMERA PANS UP to the underside of the hatch.

LAP TO: 10:00

235. CLOSE UNDERSIDE OF HATCH ED

Ed reaches the top of the center-well ladder-- stretches out a hand, gives the "night-light" a twist, plunging the scene into near darkness. He strains downward to take the bazooka, which Calder is holding up to him.

236. ED'S FACE BEHIND FACEPLATE

He listens intently for a second. Then:

ED
(filter)

Open it. Just a bit. Be ready to close it.

237. CALDER

at the base of the ladder. He touches the control-console.

238. UNDERSIDE OF HATCH

just a few inches away from Ed's eyes. It raises silently for about six inches, stops. Revealed is just a portion of the floor and one wall of the 2nd STORAGE level.

Motionless, Ed peers... listens... PAN DOWN to Ed's gloved hand as he gives a lifting "come-on" signal to Calder, telling him to raise the hatch further.

239. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

SHOOTING DOWN AT THE HATCH, as it opens. We see Ed's helmeted head, his wary face. The hatch STOPS ABOUT HALF OPEN, and Ed peers around.

240. SLOW PAN ED'S POV

... the circular wall surrounding the center-well at a distance of about ten feet, broken regularly by doors into corridors that are wells of darkness.

PAN STOPS at one corridor-opening, HOLDS on the body of Gino Finelli lying crumpled on the floor, his shriveled condition dimly evident.

241. CLOSE OVER HATCH AT ED

He slowly climbs up and out, to squat there clutching the bazooka. Calder's head appears. As Ed looks around tensely, TRUCK BACK TO BRING HALF-RAISED HATCH INTO VIEW. A SHADOW FALLS UPON IT, as something hidden behind it, out of the man's view, moves closer.

242. ED AND CALDER

Ed looks for his target. Calder is bringing one leg up over the well's edge. Suddenly the SQUALL-RUMBLE roars out right over their heads. They react... Calder looks up, and ONE OF THE CREATURE'S HUGE HANDS catches him squarely in the faceplate of his helmet-- a backhand blow. The faceplate splinters--glass flies -- and Calder is knocked yelling back down the well. Simultaneously, Ed wriggles frantically over on his back, trying for a shot... and the HAND comes back into SHOT, knocks the bazooka from his grasp-- a forehand blow.

243. INT. MOTOR LEVEL DARK

SHOOTING UP AT THE HATCH, as Calder spills through it. He grabs a ladder-rung with one hand, can't hold on, and falls to the floor with a crash.

244. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

Ed, half-stunned, makes a futile swipe at the bazooka. It's well out of reach, and bent into a U. A SQUALL-RUMBLE brings his eyes up again, wide and terrified. He scrambles to get back down the well.

245. INT. MOTOR LEVEL DARK

Calder, half-collapsed over the control-console, punches at the hatch control. Ed drops into SHOT, off the ladder. He starts to rush toward the airlock, clawing to get his gun out. Calder follows him for a step, then crumples to the floor-- we see that CALDER'S LEG IS BROKEN JUST ABOVE THE ANKLE, THE FOOT FLOPPING AT AN IMPOSSIBLE ANGLE. Calder twists to look upward desperately.

246. MEDIUM UNDERSIDE OF HATCH CALDER'S POV

The hatch is closing steadily. suddenly the Creature's HANDS appear, clutching it under the rim. They strain. The hatch's faint MOTOR SOUND whines more loudly, as it is resisted. The Creature's hands wrench... AND THE HATCH MOVES UPWARD SEVERAL INCHES. SUDDENLY, WITH A METALLIC GROAN, A SECTION OF IT WARPS UNDER THE MIGHTY GRASP.

247. CLOSE ED

He reaches the airlock, turns to look behind him.

ED
(filter)
Calder!

248. CALDER

He hunches and pulls himself along the floor, almost whimpering.

CALDER
(filter)
My leg.... go on! Go on! I'm stuck!

249. ED

He takes a step forward -- pauses as a great RIPPING OF METAL is heard, os. He looks up.

250. CLOSE UNDERSIDE OF HATCH

The Creature thrusts it upward and back on its ruined hinges. For a moment the Creature poises there, looming.

251. CALDER

He scrambles into a deep cubby between two huge machines. His hand encounters something-- a welding torch. He hangs onto it, turns over into a sitting position, pushes himself frantically deeper into the niche, the broken leg trailing.

252. WIDE AREA SHOOTING PAST ED

From the center-well hatch appears the Creature, dropping the entire distance to the floor, landing lithe as a cat on all fours. Ed yells, starts firing-- he backs into the airlock, gun blaring.

253. CLOSE CALDER IN NICHE

He chops a hand at the torch-- it doesn't light. We get a glimpse of his terrified, bleeding face through his faceplate, as he throws up a protective arm. One of the Creature's clawed HANDS comes into SHOT, sweeps the floor about two feet away from Calder-- its talons leave a trail of sparks across the floor, and the fingernail-on-blackboard SOUND is heard. Again Calder chops at the torch, and this time it flares... he turns it up full power, and thrusts it in front of him, INTO CAMERA. O.S., The Creature lets out a raging SQUALL-RUMBLE.

254. CLOSE ED AT AIRLOCK FIRING

255. CLOSE CREATURE

It crouches in front of Calder's niche like a cat that has cornered a mouse. It looks around-- not harmed by Ed's fire, merely irritated. After a moment's hesitation, it bounds to its feet and starts for Ed, moving with superhuman speed and agility.

256. ED AT AIRLOCK SHOOTING PAST HIM

He spills backward, thrusts at the airlock controls. The inner door starts to slide shut. The Creature's FOOTFALLS louden, as it nears. The inner door clicks shut, and a second later a tremendous BLOW causes it to shudder and fills the tiny space with reverberations.

CAMERA MOVES ACROSS Ed's slumped figure to show the outer door opening, and the stars beyond.

DISSOLVE TO:

257. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

Bob Finelli comes down the ladder. Royce and Ed are standing by the wall-intercom-- Ed is wriggling out of the lower half of his spacesuit. He has a small cut on his forehead.

BOB
I've switched intercom to pick
up his suit-radio.

Royce flips a switch on the intercom.

ROYCE
(softly, into
intercom)
Calder... Calder, can you hear me?

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Loud and clear. It's nice to have
company.

ROYCE
Are you all right?

258. INT. MOTOR LEVEL CALDER DARK

He sits propped in his cubby, the bright torch held at arm's length in front of him. Through the smashed face-plate, we see his bleeding face.

CALDER
(filter)
I'm alive, if that's what you mean.
I picked a good spot-- right between
the fuel pumps.

(CONTINUED)

258. CONTINUED:

ED'S VOICE

(over radio)

You mean it can't get at you?

CALDER

(filter)

It could, if I didn't have this torch... to reach me, it has to stretch down in. Every time it does, I give it the torch right in the eyes!

O.S., the sound of a low, frustrated RUMBLE.

ROYCE

(over radio)

Can you run for the lock?

CALDER

(filter)

Sure. Right past it, with a broken leg. Besides, it wouldn't do me any good-- the critter got a claw into my faceplate. Looks like--

259. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

The men at the intercom.

CALDER'S VOICE

(over intercom--cont'g)

-- I'm here for the duration.

Over the intercom comes a low RUMBLE.

CALDER'S VOICE

(over intercom)

Whup! Here he comes-- get back, you lousy son--

Over the intercom, the Creature's furious SQUALL-RUMBLE obliterates Calder's words. Another SQUALL-RUMBLE; then silence.

ROYCE

(tensely)

Calder! Are you--

(CONTINUED)

259. CONTINUED:

CALDER'S VOICE

--(over intercom--panting)

Still here.

(pauses)

The plate on this torch says it's
good for three hours' continuous
use. It says to return it for your
money back if unsatisfied.

ROYCE

Hang on, son. We'll leave the
intercom on. Just hang on.

CALDER'S VOICE

(over intercom--shaky)

Sure. What else?

ED

Keep us informed of its movements,
kid. We'll figure out something--

260. INT. MOTOR LEVEL CALDER DARK

ED'S VOICE

(over radio-- cont'g)

-- to get you out of there.

CALDER

(filter)

Just send CARE packages.

He hunches himself as, from f.g., from ABOVE CAMERA, the
Creature's ARM lashes into SHOT, groping. Its talons
scrape sparks on the floor. Calder thrusts out with the
torch, and a furious SQUALL-RUMBLE is heard.

261. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

Royce turns from the intercom, face somber.

ROYCE

(softly)

If that thing should attack the
fuel pumps, or the banks of control
relays... we couldn't maneuver the
ship-- land it. We'd drift helplessly
past Earth... toward interstellar
space... we'd drift forever.

FADE:

FADE IN:

262. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

CU of a blood-transfusion rig... CAMERA PANS from the bottle, down the tube to Van's leg, PULLING BACK at the same time to reveal Mary seated beside him, making a note on his chart. She looks very worried. In b.g., Purdue groans, turns over heavily on his cot, sighs. His blood-transfusion rig wobbles on its stand, and Mary casts a worried look in that direction.

(NOTE: by this time, all the characters are dirty, unshaven, the worse for wear.)

263. ROYCE

Seated at the long desk near the center-well. He looks utterly exhausted, chin propped on hands. Nearby, Bob Finelli is stretched out on a bench, resting, gun in hand.

ROYCE

(staring at ship's
diagram before him)

Nothing we can do for that poor boy
...nothing!

(sighs)

It's so terribly ironic. The creature
is doomed. Even if it kills us all,
what will it do in this ship... in
deep space... far from its planet.

BOB

Live longer than we will.

264. ED AND ANN AT MEDICAL TABLE

She is adjusting a small bandage over the cut on his forehead. Her touch is efficient, gentle. Their conversation is in low tones.

ANN

So I decided one bad marriage was
enough. I buried myself in science.
I didn't want anybody....

ED

Van changed your mind?

ANN

He made me think.

(CONTINUED)

264. CONTINUED:

ED

He made you know you were lonely.

ANN

(after a moment)

Why didn't you ever marry?

ED

Looking.

ANN

You can spend a lifetime looking....

ED

It's over now. I'm used to things happening slow. This is happening fast.

ANN

What?

ED

(looks at her)

Us.

265. MARY

She leans forward to unclip the bottle from Van's transfusion rig. She puts it on the medical table beside the cot, and picks up the LAST REMAINING FULL BOTTLE -- all the others are empty.

MARY

Eric....

266. ROYCE

He stirs, looks up, gets up tiredly, goes to Mary and Van, CAMERA PANNING. Mary moves away from Van to her husband.

MARY

(softly)

The bacteria is attacking the bone marrow, resulting in a leukemia condition. We can fight it with drugs, but slowly--- too slowly. If they're going to live, they've got to have fresh blood constantly-- and there's no more in the dispensary.

(CONTINUED)

266. CONTINUED:

ROYCE
(heavily)
Then we have to go down and get it.

267. ANOTHER ANGLE

Van stirs suddenly, and his VOICE comes shockingly loud.
CAMERA PANS DOWN to his face-- he's propped up on his
elbows, glaring OS at Ed and Ann.

VAN
(feverishly)
So you couldn't help Calder! You
had to leave him there! I don't
know about that--

268. ED AND ANN

They react, staring at Van.

VAN'S VOICE (OS)
What'd you do, Carruthers?...throw
him as bait, so you could get away?
How come you always get away--

269. VAN

VAN
(continuing)
-- without a scratch? Are you sure
that thing down there killed every-
body on Mars?

Mary bends into SHOT during the latter part of his
outburst, and tries to get him to lie down again. He
fights her weakly, babbling on.

270. ED AND ANN

ANN
He doesh't know what
he's saying!

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
I heard that.. tell him
he's nuts!

VAN'S VOICE (OS)
Ann... Ann...

Ann hurries toward him. Ed stares after her.

271. CLOSE VAN

as Ann reaches his cot, sinks to sit beside him. She shushes him, motherlike.

VAN
(sinking back)
Ann....

ANN
Yes, Van... what do you want?

VAN
Don't ever go away...

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom, CS)
Hey... can anybody hear me?
Van Heusen's got it all wrong--

ED'S VOICE (O.S.)
Thanks, kid... we got it.

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom, CS)
Okay... just for the record.

Ann closes her eyes a moment, fighting tension. She resumes her soothing.

272. ROYCE AND ED

They stand by the bench where Bob Finelli has been resting. Bob is sitting up, listening to Royce.

ROYCE
That's it. Somehow we've got to get the blood.

BOB
(looks at Ed)
This time it's my turn...

ROYCE
I think I should try, gentlemen. I'm an old man. It won't matter if--

ED
That's out.

ROYCE
My decision to go is final.

ED
So is our ability to stop you, Doctor.

ROYCE
(crumples a little)
I feel -- so utterly useless in this nightmare....

(CONTINUED)

272. CONTINUED:

BOB

Do we make a run for the blood,
Ed?

Ed throws a little look at Ann, then turns back to Bob and
nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

273. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

SHOOTING UP at the center-well hatch, as, through it,
lowering slowly, comes the cargo-platform of the center-
well crane.

PAN DOWN with platform, picking up Royce at the control-
console (handling the crane) and Ed and Bob. The crane
STOPS flush with the edge of the LAB level well-opening,
sways slightly.

274. ED AND BOB

They finish strapping on extra holstered machine-pistols.

BOB

Maybe we should put on spacesuits--

ED

(shakes head)

We'll need speed more than pro-
tection.

Mary moves into SHOT, with a slip of paper.

MARY

(handing paper to Ed)

Here are the inventory numbers. Two
cases, Type O, Compartment 46, Second
Storage. They're marked--

Ann has appeared in SHOT, looking worriedly at Ed.

ED

If anything goes wrong-- haul up
the lift and close the hatches!
Don't get heroic.

(to Bob)

When we get down there, the only
(more)

(CONTINUED)

274. CONTINUED:

ED (cont'd)
thing between us and it will be
ten feet of ladder. Take off your
shoes.

(he bends to remove
his own)

We move slow, unless we have to
move fast. Remember-- slow and
easy. One sound, and we're dead.

Bob nods. In his stocking feet, Ed moves to the intercom.

275. CLOSE ED AT INTERCOM.

ED
(softly)
Calder.

CALDER'S VOICE
(from intercom)
I'm with it. I'll let out a shout
if the critter even looks at the
ladder. Right now it's snooping
around.

(pauses)
Good luck.

ED
Thanks.

He moves to the center-well; he and Bob step onto the
cargo-platform.

ANN
Ed--
He looks at her.

ANN
Van will be grateful.

ED
(softly)
I picked a great time to find the
right woman.

ANN
(hesitates, then:)
Come back.

276. ANOTHER ANGLE

Royce starts to manipulate the controls on the railing console.

CALDER'S VOICE

(over intercom, OS)

Hey... this might be worth something--

277. INTERCOM

CALDER'S VOICE

(over intercom--

continuing)

-- it just went into the Pile Room!

278. ED

His expression shows sudden, startled hope.

ED

Maybe that's the break we need!

He steps quickly off the platform, pushes past the others, reaches the intercom.

ED

Calder, listen... I'm going to close the Pile Room door. Let me know what happens.

CALDER'S VOICE

(over intercom)

Roger.

Ed moves to a large control-panel set in a wall, rushes down a lever. Above the lever, a small rectangular glass inset lights up and immediately starts to darken from one end, slowly, steadily.

279. INT. MOTOR LEVEL DARK

CLOSE on the Pile Room door-- very thick, sliding-tyre, It whispers shut... a foot; two feet. From inside the Pile Room, OS, comes a soft rumble from the Creature.

280. CALDER IN NICHE

His torch flares. He peers intently into f.g.

281. CLOSE PILE ROOM DOOR

It CLICKS shut.

282. CLOSE CALDER

ED'S VOICE

(over radio)

What's happening?

CALDER

(filter)

Nothing. Not a squawk. It-- took Gino in with it... I guess that's why.

ED'S VOICE

(over radio)

We're coming down.

DISSOLVE TO:

283. INT. 1st STORAGE LEVEL DARK

The cargo-platform, bearing Ed and Bob, slowly lowers through the well-opening overhead. Directly beneath the platform, the hatch to 2nd STORAGE is silently lifting.

284. CLOSE ED AND BOB

Their faces are tense, as they listen for every sound. The platform carries them down through the 2nd STORAGE well-opening.

285. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

The platform lowers slowly to stop a few feet above the awry, ruined hatch that leads down to the MOTOR level. (Gino's body is gone.)

286. ED AND BOB

They ease off the platform. Ed consults the slip of paper he carries, nudges Bob's arm, indicates a corridor. Stealthily, they move toward it.

287. INT. MOTOR LEVEL CALDER DARK

From his niche, he is peering, listening intently.

288. PILE ROOM DOOR

Not a sound from beyond it.

289. CALDER

He kills the torch. Face contorted with pain and determination, he starts humping himself forward out of the niche, shoving with palms and good leg, broken leg pushed before him.

290. OUTSIDE NICHE

as Calder emerges... starts his long journey toward the ladder.

291. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

Ed and Bob reach Compartment 46, silently open it to reveal cases of medical supplies in its refrigerated interior. They start to edge one of the cartons out.

292. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

Royce and the two women stand by the open center-well, looking down, straining their ears.

293. INT. MOTOR LEVEL CALDER DARK

He makes his painful way... one third of the way there.

294. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

Ed and Bob reach the cargo-platform, carefully deposit one of the heavy cartons. They start back for another ...and a sudden, glass-and-metal CRASH brings them up short, frozen, staring upward.

295. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

as the CRASH CARRIES over. Royce, Ann and Mary look around sharply, expressions appalled:

296. VAN

He is stumbling away from his cot, through the remains of his transfusion rig which he just upset. He is

(CONTINUED)

296. CONTINUED:

mumbling unintelligibly, face twisted with pain as he uses his torn foot.

297. ROYCE WOMEN

They lunge forward from the well toward Van, trying to be silent about it, faces desperate. They whisper:

ROYCE

Van... no!

ANN

Van... get back on your cot.
Lie down!

They reach Van, surround him ineffectually.

VAN

(loud, feverishly)
Let me alone... no! No! I know
what I'm doing!

298. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

Van's faint VOICE carries down to Ed and Bob. They exchange a tense look, in the process of removing the second carton from Compartment 46.

299. INT. LAB LEVEL NIGHT

Van is stumbling forward, ignoring those who try to hold him back, quiet him. He shakes Royce off-- reaches his destination: the control-panel which holds the lever that controls the File Room door. He half-collapses over it--fumbles for a lever.

ANN

(horrified)
Van... no!

VAN

Shield... the pile... don't you
see? Unshield the pile! The
radiation will kill it!

Royce, Mary and Ann exchange startled glances.

ROYCE

It might work...

(CONTINUED)

299. CONTINUED:

ANN

No! It's too dangerous, while
they're down there! If the
Creature broke out ----

ROYCE

Van... let it wait till they
get back. It's a good--

Van shakes his head.. shoots a stubborn look at Ann,
eyes glassy.

VAN

It might break out anyway....
then it'd be too late! Now's
the time!

And with the word now, he shoves a control, and bends
over it, head bowed.

300. INT. PILE ROOM DARK

With a faint, high-pitched whine, a portion of the metal
mass that is the pile begins to slide slowly to one side.
We see that it is a thick partition -- and beyond it,
revealed inch-by-inch by its slow withdrawal, is the
BLINDING, GLOWING, HONEYCOMB SUBSTANCE OF THE PILE.

A faint, uneasy RUMBLE is heard from the Creature, CS.

301. INT. MOTOR LEVEL CALDER DARK

He pauses, two thirds of the distance to the ladder...
looks around fearfully.

302. CLOSE PILE ROOM DOOR

Another RUMBLE is heard from the Creature inside, and
the SCRAPING SOUND of its sudden movement.

303. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

Van still bends over the lever-- his eyes are fixed on
the radiation gauges on the board. Their needles are
quivering, rising in small spurts. With each regular,
upward surge, there is a faint metallic TICK. The
TICKING slowly accelerates.

(CONTINUED)

303. CONTINUED:

VAN
(turns suddenly to
Roycé, his voice hoarse--
something in it that
might almost be guilt)
Tell them to hurry!

But Royce is already halfway to the intercom.

304. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

Ed and Bob are lugging the carton toward the cargo-platform. They pause as:

ROYCE'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Ed... Bob... hurry up! Van's
unshielded the pile!

Ed and Bob look startledly at each other.

ED
Let's hope that door'll hold it,
if it wants out!

BOB
And it will!

All efforts to be silent forgotten, they rush the carton toward the platform.

305. INT. MOTOR LEVEL DARK

Calder is hunching along as fast as he can -- he's almost to the ladder.

306. INT. PILE ROOM

The pile is totally unshielded-- blinding. The room is filled with searing light that obliterates its details. Dimly seen, the Creature blunders around, looking for a way out.

307. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

Van is staring at the radiation gauges. His face glistens with perspiration. His eyes are triumphant. The TICKING is faster... faster....

(CONTINUED)

307. CONTINUED:

VAN

It's dead! It has to be dead.
That's enough radiation to kill
a hundred men!

308. INT. PILE ROOM

Suddenly the deafening SQUALL-RUMBLE is heard, and a SMASHING AND CRASHING of metal.

309. CALDER AT LADDER

He's trying to hoist himself up it... strains...his grasp slips, and he thumps to the floor. He turns for a quick look at the Pile Room, face agonized.

310. PILE ROOM DOOR

Bulges and humps appear in it with each of the Creature's powerful blows. Paint chips fly. The SQUALL-RUMBLING is now continuous.

311. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

Ed and Bob are wrestling the carton onto the platform. They exchange frightened glances, work harder.

312. PILE ROOM DOOR

The bulges and humps are numerous... suddenly, with a groan, the upper half of the door warps outward a few inches. Blinding light flares out.

313. CALDER

His eyes bug. He starts back for his niche-- desperately, whimpering with pain.

314. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

Van stares at the control-panel, dazed and unbelieving.

VAN

It won't die... it won't die!

(CONTINUED)

314. CONTINUED:

In b.g., Royce, Ann and Mary are crouched by the center-well. Up the well come the reverberations of the Creature's attack on the door.

ROYCE

Hurry... hurry!

ANN

(half-sobbing)

Ed!

315. INSERT RADIATION GAUGES

on the control panel. Their needles are flickering in the CRITICAL area, and the TICKING is very rapid.

OS are heard the frantic cries of Royce, Ann, Mary.

316. VAN

He shoves the pile control shut, teeth bared.

317. INT. MOTOR LEVEL CALDER DARK

He's almost back to his niche.

OS, the SOUND of the Creature's attack on the door.

318. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

Ed and Bob jump onto the cargo-platform. Ed frantically works the control-console, and the platform begins its slow ascent.

319. INT. MOTOR LEVEL CALDER DARK

He shoots one terrified look over his shoulder-crawls on.

320. PILE ROOM DOOR

With a final BLOW and SQUALL-RUMBLE, the door is sent spinning halfway across the room. The Creature stands there, silhouetted in the glare from the pile at its rear... in a pose of utter fury. Then it pulls forward.

In f.g., Calder is just disappearing into his niche.

321. CALDER IN NICHE

He twists to face the aperture-- grabs up the torch, turns it on. He is starkly bathed in the glow from the Pile Room door, his shadow wavering behind him.

CALDER

(filter)

It's out... it's out!

322. INT. IAB LEVEL LIGHT

Royce, Mary, Ann and Van crowd around the well.

CALDER'S VOICE

(over intercom, CS)

It's out...it's out!

ANN

Ed, hurry! Hurry!

Royce and Mary shout ad lib warnings to those below.

Van is silent. He looks at Ann, registering her desperate concern for Ed. Then he looks down the well, uncertainly, face twisted, as if not knowing quite what to hope for.

323. INT. 2nd STORAGE LEVEL DARK

Ed and Bob peer over the edge of the rising platform, guns ready.

CALDER'S VOICE

(over intercom, CS)

It's out!....

324. MEDIUM DOWN CENTER-WELL DARK

from the men's PCV, on rising platform. Through the well-opening, directly beneath, can be seen the base of the ladder two levels below. The Creature appears there, glares upward-- it begins to climb the ladder with fantastic rapidity, three steps at a time.

325. ED AND BOB ON PLATFORM

They start firing downward, as the platform carries them through the opening in the ceiling of 2nd STORAGE LEVEL.

326. INT. 1st STORAGE LEVEL DARK

The platform emerges, continues its journey upward. Ed

(CONTINUED)

326. CONTINUED:

and Bob jump off. Bob lunges at the railing control-console, slaps at the hatch control.

Simultaneously, Ed vaults the railing, grabs the still rising platform and throws his weight into it, trying to pull it out of the way of the lowering hatch.

CS, the Creature's enraged SQUALLS come closer, as it mounts the ladder.

327. BOB

He spins away from the console to help Ed with the platform. Together they try to wrestle it out of the hatch's path.

PAN TO TOP OF HATCH as, in its downward trip, it catches the edge of the platform, tips it unexorably off balance.

Ed and Bob scramble frantically, trying to keep the cartons on the platform from spilling off-- but they can't hold them. One slides off; hits the railing, and falls to the floor just inside the railing. A moment later, the other follows.

328. ANGLE ON HATCH CLOSE

We get a momentary glimpse of the Creature, almost there, before the HATCH CLICKS SHUT.

A second later, a tremendous blow from beneath creates a hump.

329. ED AND BOB

Bob punches at the control console, and the platform stops. Ed is trying to muscle one of the cartons back onto the platform, which is now at about chest-level. Bob lunges to help him.

330. HATCH

Another blow and hump; another... and raging SQUALL-RUMBLES.

331. ED AND BOB

They have one of the cartons on the platform.

(CONTINUED)

331. CONTINUED:

ED

The other one.

They bend to it-- and almost directly under their feet a great blow SPRINGS THE HATCH, jolting Ed, who is standing on it. They grab up the carton, heft it onto the platform. Another BLOW on the hatch underfoot jolts them up several inches. They fall back, circling the railing, hoping to mount the platform from the other side.

332. CLOSE HATCH

One edge no longer sits flush with the floor. A great BLOW against this section enlarges the rip made by the Creature in Sc. 298B-- another lays back a section of solid steel two feet long, and the CREATURE'S ARM EMERGES, FLAILING. Its huge hand catches at the edge of the hole, strains, rips at the steel with a groaning and screaming of metal.

333. ED AND BOB

They pause, appalled, Ed with his arm across Bob's chest.

334. HATCH CREATURE

It batters and claws at the hole, enlarging it. The other hand appears.

335. ED AND BOB

They reverse direction, dart a few feet, stop. They start firing.

336. CLOSE CREATURE

It is head and one shoulder out of the opening now. It ignores their gunfire, eyes glaring balefully. It struggles to widen the hole.

337. ED AND BOB CREATURE

TRUCKING BEHIND THEM as they circle the well futilely, firing like madmen, looking for some means of getting close enough to climb on the platform.

(CONTINUED)

337. CONTINUED:

As they circle, the Creature turns constantly to face them, SQUALL-RUMBLING, tearing at the steel, trying to free itself.

338. CLOSE BOB

His face is contorted with hatred. Suddenly, step by step, he starts to advance on the Creature, screeching.

339. ED

He sees what Bob is doing.

ED
Bob! Come back!

340. BOB

Hating and wild-eyed, he ignores Ed, keeps advancing his gun blaring before him.

BOB
Damn you!... damn you! damn you!

341. ED

He starts forward, pauses helplessly.

ED
(roars)
Bob!

342. BOB CREATURE'S PCV

He advances INTO CAMERA, firing, screeching.

343. CLOSE CREATURE

Snarling, it lashes out an arm.

344. ANGLE FROM BEHIND ED

as he circles-- at the VERY MOMENT that the Creature

(CONTINUED)

344. CONTINUED:

catches Finelli. It grabs him, yanks him in-- and Bob's hating screeches suddenly change to shrill screams of agony. We have the momentary impression of Bob's being twisted impossibly broken. In that moment, Ed runs for the ladder, reaches it and starts up, for one moment, the Creature is peaceful with Bob's body.

345. INT. LAB LEVEL LIGHT

Ed scrambles through the center-well opening. The others crowd around. The hatch begins to close.

ROYCE
(brokenly)
We saw.....

ED
(gasping)
Retreat! Up to control--

They stare numbly at him. His voice lashes at them:

ED
What are you standing around for?
Move!

ROYCE
(softly)
All right. But what's the
use...
(he rests a hand on
Ed's model, on the lab
table at his side)
We can't kill the Creature. We can't
stop it. We can't escape it. This is
our trap... this is our coffin....

CAMERA MOVES IN to feature the model.

DISSOLVE TO:

346. EXT. CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-TWO SPACE (EFFECT)

Only the CONTROL AND QUARTERS level portholes, in the very nose of the ship, are lit.

347. INT. CONTROL LEVEL NIGHT

The preparations for seige are underway.

(CONTINUED)

347. CONTINUED:

Van and Purdue, wrapped in blankets, have been moved up to this level. Royce is at the railing control-console, working the crane.

Mary is busy arranging medical supplies on the long desk, near the wall. Ann helps her.

Ed is checking the numerous guns, reloading the empties.

Van is only semi-conscious. Purdue is conscious, and able to walk with help.

PURDUE

Down there I could at least have
died on a mattress.

Ed helps him stretch out. Mary is commencing to set up the transfusion rigs.

ED

(to Mary)

Can they get by without the blood
for a while?

MARY

I don't know. Why?

ED

We'd better put on our spacesuits
and get up on the balcony. That'll
be some protection....

ROYCE

(turning away)

I'll lay them out.

He hurries toward the cabinets that circle the room beneath the balcony. Ed turns to the railing console, pushes the button to lower the hatch.

348. VAN AND MARY

She puts a cool compress on his forehead. He opens his eyes.

VAN

I guess this is it....
(twists his head)

Where's Ann?

(CONTINUED)

348. CONTINUED:

Ann moves into SHOT. Van looks up at her-- moves a hand as if to take hers, then lets it fall limply.

- VAN

Pretty sudden, chicken. Like he said.

ANN

What do you mean?

VAN

I've got good ears. You and him. Just out of nowhere....

(he finally takes
her hand, intently)
Are you sure?

ANN

Van... let's talk about it later...

VAN

(grins sourly)
There isn't any later, the way things look.

(leans back,
eyes closed)
That's why I asked. I just wanted to know....

ANN

Van--

ED'S VOICE (C.S.)

(urgently)

Give me a hand, somebody!

VAN

He wants your hand, chicken.

ANN

Van, I'm so sorry....

VAN

Better get going. It may be a short honeymoon.

Ann hesitates, squeezes his hand, moves out of SHOT, leaving Van staring stonily at nothing at all.

VAN

Mary... am I going to make it? I mean, if we all get out of this?

(CONTINUED)

348. CONTINUED:

She starts to reassure him. He looks up at her bleakly.

VAN
Never mind... I'm the guy with all
the answers.

349. ED AT HATCH

He's trying to push a heavy metal cabinet through the railing gate. Ann joins him, and together they wrestle and shove the thing on top the hatch, lean on it panting. Royce comes up.

ROYCE
The suits are ready....

DISSOLVE TO:

350. INT. CONTROL ROOM LIGHT

SHOOTING FROM HIGH ANGLE, down at hatch. Utter silence.

PAN TO BALCONY CIRCLING ROOM... we see the group situated around it, waiting. They wear their spacesuits-- with helmets off, but near at hand.

351. MARY AND ROYCE

Faces grim, they crouch close together, waiting. Mary has a large flashlight on her lap.

352. ANN

Gun in lap, she sits tying up her hair in a bandanna, in preparation for the helmet. Another flashlight lies by her side.

353. PURDUE AND VAN

They sit propped back to back, surrounded by guns, staring down at the hatch.

354. ED

He stands at the balcony intercom.

(CONTINUED)

354. CONTINUED:

ED
(softly, into
intercom)
Calder....

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Still alive. Don't ask me why I
bother.

ED
Can you see it?

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Big as death--

355. INT. MOTOR LEVEL CALDER IN NICHE DARK

CALDER
(filter-- cont'g)
It's been sitting here for the
last half hour, licking its chops.
(pauses)
They way I figure, my torch is
about burned out.

ED'S VOICE
(over radio)
Turn it down, except when you
have to use it.

CALDER
(filter)
Already thought of that.
(pauses)
Incidentally-- if anybody's interested
at this late date, I've got it figured
how the critter got aboard.

ED'S VOICE
(over radio)
How?

CALDER
(filter)
Watching it climb around...it's as
strong and as ten gorillas.
After it followed Carruthers back
to this ship, it must have climbed
right up one of the fins-- just before
takeoff. It got in through the open
(more)

(CONTINUED)

355. CONTINUED:

CALDER (cont'd)
Emergency hatch in C Compartment...
broke into the airduct... maybe it
was looking for a place to hide; or
maybe it wanted more air.

356. INT. CONTROL LEVEL GROUP ON BALCONY LIGHT

ED
(as several of the others
grunt their surprise)
Sounds right... but it doesn't help
any.

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Just for the record.

ED
We'll keep in touch.

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Buddies to the bitter end. Look--
if you get out of this somehow...

ED
(after a moment)
What?

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Oh... nothing. Say goodbye to Earth
for me. All of it... even where it
stinks.

DISSOLVE TO:

357. SAME ALL WAITING

Ed is checking his machine-pistols.

ED
Our one hope is that it'll be
weakened from radiation and lack
of oxygen. If it gets through the
hatch, I'll turn off the lights.
Put on your helmets. Ann-- you
and Mary use the flashlights...
try to keep it blinded.

(pauses)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

357. CONTINUED:

ED (cont'd)
Aim for the eyes. Remember, that's
the one place it's vulnerable.
Take your time... aim for the
eyes.

LAP TO:

358. SAME ALL WAITING

ED
(into intercom)
How's the air down there?

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Pretty bad. My suit-tank helps.
I'm keeping my hand over the hole
in the faceplate. But the tank's
about empty....

He pauses, as a faint RUMBLE comes over the intercom:

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom --
suddenly tense)
Ed... it's moving.
(pauses)
It's going up the ladder to Second
Storage.
(pauses)
I can hear it prowling around up
there...

ROYCE
By this time it must be starving
for air!

359. SAME

After about TEN SECONDS of silent waiting, a distant
SQUALL-RUMBLE is heard, both over the intercom and
actually underfoot. On its heels comes a faint metallic
BAM-- BAM-- BAM!

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
It's going up! To First Storage.
It sounds crazy.... banging at
everything it passes...

(CONTINUED)

359. CONTINUED:

ED
(tensely)
Can you make it to the lock?

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Why? To look at the pretty stars
through my broken faceplate?

ED
Get in the lock! Hide there!

CALDER'S VOICE
(over intercom)
I'm comfy here. You're forgetting
something, Ed--

The Creature's ROARS and CRASHING SOUNDS have drawn nearer under the preceding. Now, suddenly, the SOUNDS change character as it reaches the closed LAB level hatch. Instead of random crashings and smashings, we now hear the steady, furious attack on the hatch-- the clanging, clashing, ripping of solid steel.

360. MARY AND ROYCE.

Their guns are ready. Their free hands move toward each other, clasp.

361. ED

He whirls to work the balcony light-switch, located near the intercom. The room is plunged into near darkness.

The Creature's SQUALL-RUMBLES and CRASHING SOUNDS ARE CLOSER.

ED
Get your helmets on!

And he bends to pick up his own.

362. MARY AND ROYCE

They help each other with their helmets. In b.g., Van and Purdue do likewise.

363. ANN

She gives her helmet its final locking twist, bringing her face into view through the faceplate.

364. ED

He is helmeted. He stares down at the railing control-console.

365. CLOSE CONTROL CONSOLE

A light appears above one of the hatch-control buttons.

366. ED

He spills down to lie on the balcony, gun poking over.

ED

(filter)

It's through the Lab Level hatch....

Below, the SOUND of the Creature's attack on a hatch is heard again-- this time, the QUARTERS level hatch. The sound rings and clashes upward.

ED

(filter)

Ann-- Mary-- get those flash-lights on!

367. CONTROL ROOM HIGH ANGLE ON HATCH DARK

From two separate points along the balcony, flashlight beams appear, lance down at the hatch through the darkness.

368. PURDUE AND VAN

They shift to get better aims at the hatch. Purdue has a gun in each hand.

369. CLOSE CONTROL CONSOLE

Another light appears, over the button next in line.

370. ED

Staring down.

(CONTINUED)

370. CONTINUED:

ED
(filter)

It's up to the Quarters Level--

And on the heels of his words, the loudest SQUALL-RUMBLE yet, and scrapings and clashings as the Creature mounts the ladder directly beneath the CONTROL level hatch.

371. CLOES HATCH

A tremendous BLOW rings against it-- a hump appears, in the darkness, and the cabinet set atop it vibrates.

372. PAN GROUP ON BALCONY

as they wait.

373. ED

He aims his gun-- licks his lips.

For about five seconds, there is nothing but the SOUNDS of the Creature's attack on the hatch.

Then suddenly:

CALDER'S VOICE
(over Ed's radio)
...Royce... Ed!....

ED
(filter)
Stand by, kid... this is it!

CALDER'S VOICE
(over radio)
Listen! I've got it! I know how to
kill it!

(his voice is almost
hysterical)
All this time you big brains were
too smart to see the answer! What
Royce said... lack of air! It was
right in front of us--

ED
(filter)
What, kid? What are you--

(CONTINUED)

373. CONTINUED:

CALDER'S VOICE

(over radio)

Don't stop the air! Let it out!
Let out the air... evacuate the
ship!

374. CLOSE HATCH

A great BLOW rips the steel, and light lances up through the opening from the QUARTERS level below. Another BLOW enlarges the hole.

PAN UP to bring railingside instrument-console into SHOT, in CLOSE F.G., featuring the MAIN AIRLOCK CONTROL (see Sc.) in CLOSED Position.

375. CLOSE ED

as he stares CS at the control.

ED

(filter -- almost
whispering)

Of course... evacuate....

376. ROYCE

His face shows sudden hope through his faceplate.

ROYCE

(filter)

The main airlock control... Ed --
you're nearest--

377. ED

He jumps to his feet, takes a step toward the stairway leading down to the floor of the CONTROL level. He pauses.

ED

(filter)

Calder... what about you? Your
spacesuit's no good--

CALDER'S VOICE

(over radio)

Don't worry about me... do it!

378. CLOSE HATCH

The Creature gets one arm up through the hole, claws at the steel.

ED'S VOICE (CS)

(filter)

But, kid, it's sure death--

CALDER'S VOICE

(over radio--rapidly)

Look, Ed-- you're forgetting! When that thing broke out of the Pile Room I got--

379. ED

listening.

CALDER'S VOICE

(over radio-- cont'g)

-- a good dose of radiation! I'm finished! Now will you get moving?

ED

(filter)

Maybe we can save you... we can try....

He stares helplessly at the others.

380. INT. MOTOR LEVEL CALDER IN NICHE DARK

His torch is sputtering its last. He puts it down, and dimly we can see a rueful smile on his blood-streaked face. As he reaches for the gun at his belt, the torch sputters and dies -- and in the sudden darkness, CALDER'S FACE GLOWS.

CALDER

(filter)

You're a hard man to convince, Ed---

381. INT. CONTROL LEVEL ED DARK

He poises uncertainly at the head of the stairway.

CALDER'S VOICE

(over radio)

-- just for the --

A short flurry of machine-pistol SHOTS ring out in Ed's earphones... only three or four shots, before Calder's dead hand relaxes on the trigger. Ed's face reacts.

382. HATCH

The Creature has its head and one arm through. With one swipe it sends the heavy metal cabinet spinning away, taking half the railing with it. It glares around, lit from below (by QUARTERS level lights) and by the wavering flashlights. It SQUALL-RUMBLES.

383. ED

He tumbles down the stairway.

ED

Cover me!

384. GROUP ON BALCONY

They start firing-- a sudden BLAST of gunfire that rocks the room. PAN THEM as their guns illuminate the balcony and their speculated figures with uneven flares of light. The ROAR of gunfire, and the flickering illumination it creates, are continuous, overwhelming.

385. ED

He reaches the bottom of the ladder... PAN with him as he darts out into the room, bringing the Creature into SHOT.

SQUALLING, the Creature has lowered its head-- shielded its eyes-- invulnerable! It rips and claws at the hatch, widening the hole.

386. ANOTHER ANGLE ED

He stops short, looks around desperately-- dashes to the table bearing medical supplies. He grabs up the long tripod-stand of a transfusion rig. Holding it before him, he advances toward the long instrument-board set in semicircular fashion directly outside the center-well railing.

387. REVERSE

The Creature, clawing at the hole, glares at Ed. In b.g., we see figures firing from the balcony.

388. ED

He dashes in, makes a pass at the main airlock control with the tripod. He doesn't get a good grip on it-- the tripod slips-- and the Creature's ARM lashes into SHCT, barely missing Ed as he falls back.

389. ANOTHER ANGLE ED

He darts this way and that, looking for an opening. The Creature twists to face him always, clawing out at him. A talon gouges a long rip in the instrument-console, near the all-important lever.

Ed darts in again, trying-- and a BLOW from the Creature's arm takes the tripod out of his hands, sends it flying. Ed is spun to the floor.

390. CLOSE ED

He gets to a kneeling position. He shoots a glance up at the balcony, face agonized. He gathers his feet under him, like a sprinter poised for the start.

391. CLOSE ANN CN BALCONY

ANN
(filter)
Ed... no! Ed.....

392. CLOSE VAN

He looks from Ann down to Ed. Suddenly, he throws one leg over the balcony, spills over the railing-- hangs there a second by one arm-- drops to the floor.

393. ED

He starts for the control-- for certain death. PAN with him, as Van's figure lunges into SHCT, bowls Ed over. PAN ON with Van in his hobbling rush, leg dragging-- as Ed spills to floor in b.g.

394. ANOTHER ANGLE VAN

He reaches the console-- tugs at the lever. He has time for one split-second-, terrified look upward.

395. ANOTHER ANGLE VAN

SHOOTING PAST HIM at the Creature. One BLOW of the Creature's hand smashes in the side of Van's helmet to a depth of about eight inches; the Creature's other hand whisks the corpse right up and out of SHOT.

CAMERA MOVES IN FAST to emphasize LEVER, which is in OPEN position.

396. EXT. CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-TWO MAIN AIRLOCK (EFFECT)

Slolwy it slides open, foot by foot.

397. INT. 1st STORAGE LEVEL TOWARD AIRLOCK DARK

The airlock opens, revealing the stars. In f.g., Bob Finelli's shriveled body stirs as sudden airflow tugs at it's clothing.

A LOW WAILING IS HEARD, RISING IN PITCH AND VOLUME AS AIR ESCAPES THE SHIP.

398. INT. CONTROL LEVEL DARK

The creature fights to get through the hatch. The GUNFIRE continues, with its roar and flare. Ed has crawled to the cover of a desk, fires from there.

In the distance, the rising WAIL is heard-- and the beginnings of a FAINT RUMBLING SOUND that grows steadily in volume.

399. INT. 1st SOTRAGE LEVEL DARK

Here the RUMBLING SOUND is loud, growing louder. It is caused by the doors of the storage compartments vibrating in their grooves as air escapes around them.

400. CLOSE BOB'S BODY

It sits-- slides a few feet-- catches by one arm against the ruined jeep-- disengages and slides on, toward the airlock. THE WAILING GROWS-- HIGHER, LOUDER.

401. INT. LAB LEVEL DARK

Hundreds of small loose objects stir, waver, topple, are drawn by increasing airflow toward the center-well, whose hatch, (battered by the Creature) stands open. THE WAIL IS LOUDER, HIGHER. The lightest objects, such as papers, etc., begin to fly and skitter rapidly toward the well.

402. INT. CONTROL LEVEL DARK

The Creature still struggles to free itself from the hatch, but airflow past it, from the CONTROL level, is beginning to hinder it. It looks up and around defiantly, SQUALL-RUMBLES. The GUNFIRE is still ferocious.

THE WAILING AND RUMBLING SOUNDS GRCW.

403. EXT. CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-TWO SPACE

We see the hazy plume of escaping air, coming out of the airlock. THIS PLUME DOES NOT TRAIL BACK ALONG THE SIDE OF THE SHIP, BUT IS CONICAL, FADING TO INVISIBILITY AT THE "BASE" (away from the ship).
NO SOUND.

404. INT. 1st STORAGE LEVEL DARK

The jeep, the wrecked ladder, the center-well railing, are vibrating in the airflow, which now amounts to a high wind. THE WAILING IS OF AIRRAID-SIREN INTENSITY. Everything vibrates, rattles, rumbles. From the center-well overhead, a steady flow of papers and light objects tumble, head for the airlock. The BODY of Bob Finelli slides, faster and faster, toward the airlock-- scoots out and is gone.

405. INT. LAB LEVEL DARK

The pervading WAIL and rumble.

Lighter objects are rushing to the center-well, bounding, skipping, skittering. They curve down the well and vanish, their small skipping sounds all but lost in the RUMBLE. Heavier objects-- chairs, laboratory equipment, etc.-- quiver, stir. A heavy piece of equipment crashes to the floor, slides slowly toward the center-well, comes to rest against the railing.

STILL THE WAIL RISES, TOWARD INTOLERABLE INTENSITY-- THE SCREAM OF AIR AT HIGH VELOCITY, AROUND A THOUSAND PROJECTILES, THROUGH A THOUSAND CRACKS AND HOLES.

406. INT. CONTROL LEVEL HATCH AND CREATURE DARK

Limned in the flashlight beams, the Creature wavers. It is beginning to be buffeted by the powerful airstream around it.

407. SLOW PAN ALONG BALCONY

as the guns blare without letup.

408. CLOSE CREATURE

It hangs on, SQUALLING--bracing itself. The flesh of its face ripples rapidly in the airflow--air suddenly catches its lower lip, distends it to reveal moist fangs. It SQUALLS, snaps its jaw shut.

409. INT. LAB LEVEL DARK

Objects are drawn irresistibly to the center-well. A cabinet suddenly bursts open, and its contents spill to the floor--jars break, and the liquid released ripples in the airflow, forms long streamers toward the well. The broken glass skitters toward the well. Stuff comes clattering and bounding out of the galley-mess area.... pots, tinned food, pieces of chinaware.

In the midst of the mess we see Ed's precious model, making its first and last journey.

410. INT. 1st STORAGE LEVEL DARK

The RUMBLING SOUNDS like an earthquake. Added to it are thousands of VIBRATION SOUNDS, of various pitches. Overall, the WAILING. A constant stream of stuff pours from the center-well overhead; barely striking the floor before it is whirled off to the airlock.

411. EXT. CHALLENGE ONE-FOUR-TWO SPACE

We see the plume of escaping air, and the whirling mites of expelled objects spraying out the lock. NO SOUND.

412. INT. CONTROL LEVEL DARK

The Creature hangs on, SQUALLING, twisting, bracing itself as it is buffeted mercilessly. Its face is ruffling horribly, much as do the faces of men during acceleration tests... it ripples, flaps, vibrates. Van's body slides INTO SHOT. brings up against the railing. We see his bloody, dead face.

413. CLOSE ED

He suddenly finds himself sliding toward the center-well, and barely manages to grab a desk-leg.

ED
(fiktter)
Hang onto something! You'll be swept toward it!

414. CLOSE CREATURE

It fights, twists, SQUALLS, is shaken and buffeted. In b.g., on the balcony, spacesuited figures hang onto the railing, firing with their free hands.

415. PURDUE

He's leaning over the railing. Suddenly he loses his grip, and is spun half over the railing. He drops his gun, clutches a railing-support with both hands, clings there buffeted.

416. INT. 1st STORAGE LEVEL DARK

SHOOTING UP CORRIDOR between doors to storage compartments opposite the airlock.

Suddenly, with a ROAR, the doors burst open under internal pressure-- crates and cartons and drums and pieces of machinery fly out, collide in the center of the corridor. They smash to bits, and tumble THROUGH MID-AIR TOWARD F.G. They sweep away the burned-out jeep and the remains of the railing.

417. REVERSE

The debris reaches the airlock, jams there a moment, flies on out into space.

418. INT. CONTROL LEVEL CREATURE DARK

The Creature struggles at objects that slide and fly toward it as the CONTROL level is evacuated. As it twists and snarls, ALL SOUNDS BEGIN TO DIMINISH IN VOLUME. THE GUNFIRE, THE CREATURE'S SQUALLS, THE OVERALL WAILING AND RUMBLING-- ALL BECOME STEADILY FAINTER AS THERE IS LESS AND LESS AIR IN THE SHIP TO CONDUCT SOUND.

419. LONG PAN PEOPLE ON BALCONY

They hang on, firing, as ALL SOUNDS CONTINUE TO DIMINISH.

420. ED

He stares, as ALL SOUNDS CONTINUE TO DIMINISH.

ED
(filter)
Almost empty!... the sound's
going....

(note: all human voices, over
radios, remain at normal
volume)

421. CLOSE CREATURE

Its struggling has slowed. It is clutching its ears, its eyes. Its huge chest heaves... heaves for air. It throws back its head and lets out an ALMOST INAUDIBLE SQUALL-RUMBLE, AS ALL SOUNDS CONTINUE TO DIMINISH.

422. PAN PEOPLE ON BALCONY

ALL SOUNDS RECEDE TO INAUDIBILITY AND CEASE.

CAMERA PANS around a balcony spitting and flaring with SILENT GUNFIRE.

423. CLOSE CREATURE

-Its chest heaves. It emits a SILENT SQUALL-RUMBLE, eyes glaring in agony. It lashes out an arm in fury, sends what is left of the railing flying. NO SOUND.

424. ED

He ducks as the railing strikes SILENTLY nearby.

425. CLOSE CREATURE

Another SILENT SQUALL-RUMBLE...another. Suddenly it collapses over the edge of the hole it has created. Its chest heaves... heaves again. It is motionless.

426. ED
He stares.

ED
(filter)
Hold your fire.

427. CREATURE

Collapsed and still in b.g., the spacesuited figures on the balcony cease shooting. The flashlight beams hold steady on the Creature. A sudden, repulsive flow of BLOOD appears under the Creatures' head, from its unseen mouth.

428. ED

He moves carefully from cover-- crawls toward the center-- well.

429. OTHERS ON BALCONY

Slowly they rise-- bodies stiff, guns drooping, faces reflecting sheer exhaustion. They stare downward.

430. ED

He reaches the well... looks at the motionless Creature for a moment. Then he extends a leg tentatively through the railing-- kicks it in the side. The Creature slips down a few inches in its hole. It's head turns slightly, revealing its face-- glassy eyed, bloody mouth.

With a last baleful flash of dead eyes, the Creature slides back and down, through the hole in the hatch.

431. LONG DOWN CENTER-WELL DARK

The Creature's body falls the entire length of the well, bouncing SILENTLY, peeling away part of the ladder in its plunge. It disappears into the shadows below.

432. ED

He gets up wearily. In b.g., the others come slowly down the balcony stairway.

433. MARY

as she reaches the bottom of the stairway. Suddenly, she crumples, dry-sobbing, clinging to the stair-railing with one hand... with her other hand she paws weakly at the floor, as if to reassure herself that it -- and she -- are still there.

Royce reaches her, kneels beside her, whispers, embraces.

434. ANN

She cradles Van's ruined helmet, bowing over it-- she too is sobbing.

Ed comes into SHOT, looks down at them-- starts to turn away. He stops, Ann has grasped him by the leg of his spacesuit. She puts her gloved hand in his, squeezes it so hard that it trembles.

Now OVER SHOT Comes:

GENERAL'S VOICE

This is where the story and our investigation ended...

DLOW DISSOLVE TO:

435. INT. SECURITY ROOM CLOSE SHOT GENERAL NIGHT

We come back to the opening scene, with the General standing at the projection screen, and the Official standing off to one side. CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose the intent shocked audience.

GENERAL

The President has allowed me to inform you that all remaining members of the crews of Challenge 1-4-1 and 1-4-2 will be decorated with the highest honors the United States has to bestow.

(gravely)

Those who did not come back will be decorated posthumously.

There is a sincere burst of applause from the audience. Now the Official moves up to face the people.

(CONTINUED)

435. CONTINUED:

OFFICIAL

For some time, the United States Government has been engaged in plans for the colonizing of the planet Mars.

(a beat)

Because of the gallant, heroic work of the dedicated men and women who made this first journey to an alien world, we know now the dangers of such a plan -- and how to combat them.

(impressively)

Ladies and gentlemen of the Press - this is the news you are to pass on to the world -- the United States will be the first nation in history to colonize another world!

There is a tremendous outburst of applause, excitement from the audience. As the reporters rise hurriedly from their seats and crowd for the doors, MUSIC COMES UP STRONG, and we -

FADE OUT:

THE END